

ornia
al
y

PR
3506

H9

1785 Hayley -

Southern Branch
of the
University of California
Los Angeles

Form L 1

PR
3506

H9
1785
v. 4

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

fac

8361 9 100

OCT 6 1954

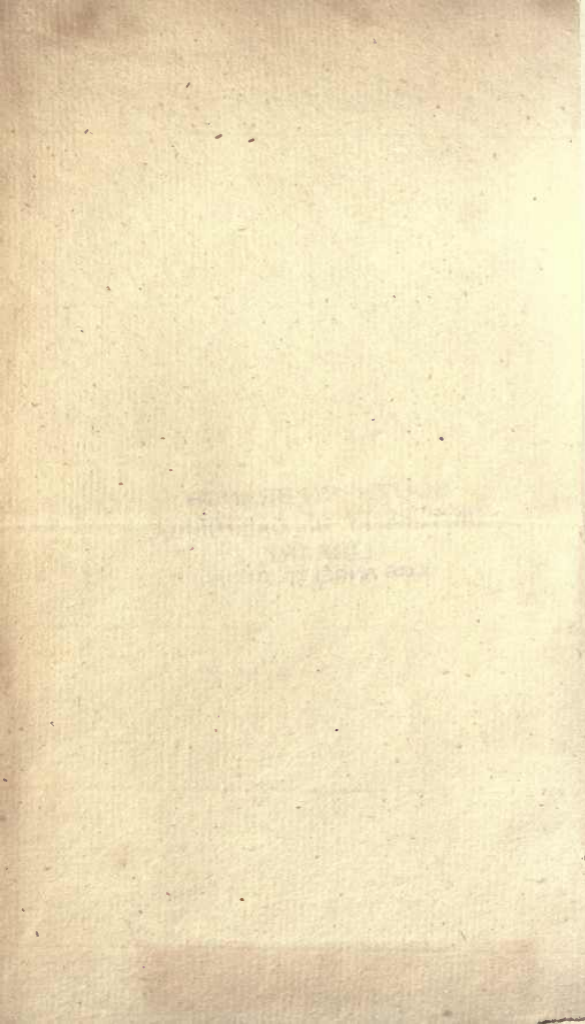
NOV 20 1954

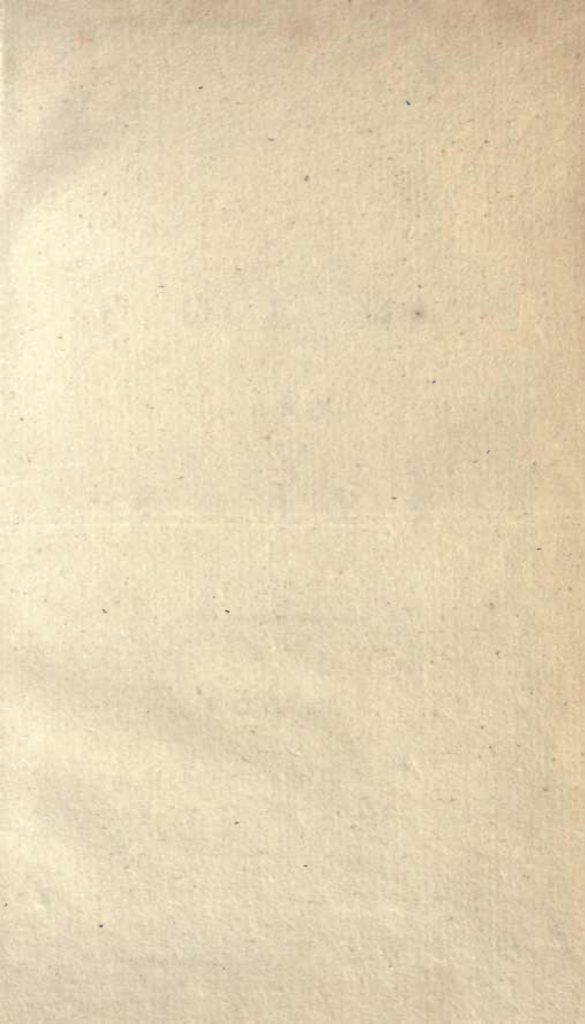
JUN 6 RECD

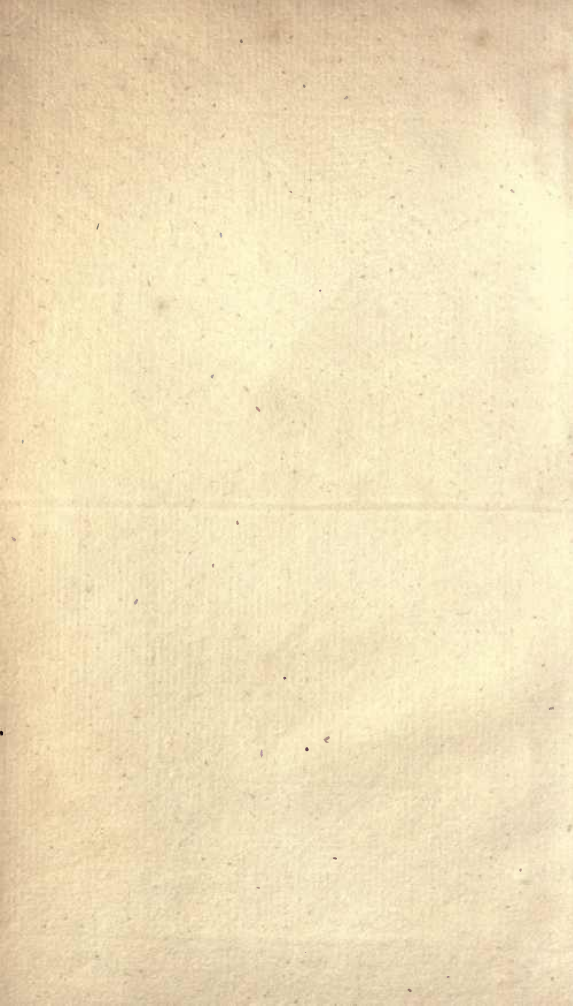
AUG 3 1955

Case 3. Dec 2. C.

SOUTHERN BRANCH,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
LIBRARY,
LOS ANGELES. CALIF.







P O E M S

A N D

P L A Y S.

V O L. IV.



P O E M S

AND

P L A Y S,

By WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

M.DCC.LXXXV.

49823

R. M. J. O. T.

1875

Y. A. C. S.

1875

1875

1875

1875

1875

1875

1875

1875

PR
3506
H9
1785
V.4

N O T E S

TO THE

THIRD, FOURTH, and FIFTH EPISTLES,

OF AN

E S S A Y

O N

E P I C P O E T R Y.

VOL. IV.

B

THE

OF

THE

OF

THE

OF

THE

N O T E S

T O T H E

T H I R D E P I S T L E.

N O T E I. V E R S E 36.

AND smiles of triumph hid his mortal pang.] An allusion to *ridens moriar*, the close of the celebrated Northern Ode, by the Danish king Regner Lodbrog; a translation of which is inserted in the curious little volume of Runic poetry, printed for Doddsley, 1763.

Bartholin, in his admirable Essay on the Causes which inspired the Danes with a Contempt of Death, affirms, that it was customary with the

Northern warriors to sing their own exploits in the close of life. He mentions the example of a hero, named Hallmundus, who being mortally wounded, commanded his daughter to attend while he composed a poem, and to inscribe it on a tablet of wood. BARTHOLIN. Lib. i. cap. 10.

N O T E II. V E R S E 60.

And galls the ghostly tyrant with her lash.] The poetry of Provence contains many spirited satires against the enormities of the Clergy. The most remarkable, is the bold invective of the Troubadour Guillaume Figueira, in which he execrates the avarice and the cruelty of Rome. The Papal cause found a female Poet to defend it: Germonda of Montpellier composed a poetical reply to the satire of Figueira. See MILLOT'S Hist. des Troubadours, vol. ii. p. 455.

N O T E III. V E R S E 76.

Struck with ill-fated zeal the Latian lyre.] There never was a century utterly destitute of ingenious and elegant Poets, says the learned Polycarp Leiser, after having patiently traced the obscure progress of Latin poetry through all the dark

dark ages. Indeed the merit of some Latin Poets, in a period that we commonly suppose involved in the grossest barbarism, is singularly striking; many of these are of the Epic kind, and; as they describe the manners and customs of their respective times, a complete review of them might form a curious and entertaining work. I shall briefly mention such as appear most worthy of notice.

Abbo, a Parisian monk, of the Benedictine order, wrote a poem on the siege of Paris by the Normans and the Danes, at which he was present, in the year 886: it is printed in the second volume of Duchesne's *Script. Francorum*; and, though it has little or no poetical merit, may be regarded as an historical curiosity. The following lines, addressed to the city of Paris, in the beginning of the work, may serve as a specimen of its language:

Dic igitur, præpulchra polis, quod Daneæ munus
 Libavit tibimet, soboles Plutonis amica,
 Tempore quo præsul domini et dulcissimus heros
 Gozlinus temet pastorque benignus alebat!
 Hæc, inquit, miror, narrare potest aliquisne?
 Nonne tuis idem vidisti oculis? refer ergo:
 Vidi equidem, jussisque tuis parebo libenter.

Leiser has confounded this Poet with another of this name; but Fabricius has corrected the

mistake, in his *Bibliotheca Latina mediæ et infimæ Ætatis*.

Guido, Bishop of Amiens from the year 1058 to 1076, wrote an Heroic poem on the exploits of William the Conqueror, in which, according to Ordericus Vitalis, he imitated both Virgil and Statius. William of Apulia composed, at the request of Pope Urban the II^d, a poem, in five books, on the actions of the Normans in Sicily, Apulia, and Calabria, to the death of Robert Guiscard their prince ; addressing his work to the son of that hero. It was written between the years 1080 and 1099 ; first printed in 1582, 4to ; and again in Muratori's *Script. Ital.*—Du Cange, in his *Notes to the Alexiad of the Princess Anna Comnena*, has illustrated that history by frequent and long quotations from William of Apulia ; but though the learned Critic gives him the title of *Scriptor Egregius*, his poetry appears to me but a few degrees superior to that of the Monk Abbo, whom I have just mentioned. The Reader may judge from the following passage, which I select not only as a specimen of the Author's style, but as it shews that the wives of these martial Princes shared with them in all the perils of war :

Uxor in hoc bello Roberti fortè sagittâ
 Quâdam læsa fuit, quæ vulnere territa, nullam
 Dum sperabat opem, se penè subegerat hosti,
 Navigio cujus se commendare volebat,
 Instantis metuens vicina pericula lethi :
 Hanc deus eripuit, fieri ludibria nolens
 Matronæ tantæ tam nobilis et venerandæ.

The Princess Comnena has also celebrated the fortitude which this Heroine, whose name was Gaita, displayed in the battle ; and it is remarkable, that the royal female Historian describes the noble Amazon more poetically than the Latin Poet.

Gualfredo, an Italian, who succeeded to the bishoprick of Siena in the year 1080, and died in 1127, wrote an Heroic poem on the expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne, which is said to be still preserved in MS. at Siena. I believe Gualfredo is the first Poet, in point of time, who treated of the happy subject of the Crusades ; which was afterwards embellished by two very elegant writers of Latin verse, Iscanus and Gunther, of whom I shall presently speak, and at length received its highest honour from the genius of Tasso. There is also an early Latin poem on this subject, the joint production of two writers, named Fulco and Ægidius, whom the accurate Fabricius places in the

beginning of the 13th century: the title of the work is *Historia Gestorum Viæ nostri Temporis Hierosolymitanæ*. It is printed in the fourth volume of Duchesne's *Script. Franc.* and with considerable additions in the third volume of *Anecdota Edmundi Martene*. I transcribe part of the opening of this poem, as the curious reader may have a pleasure in comparing it with that of Tasso:

Ardor inest, inquam, sententia fixaque menti
 Versibus et numeris transmittere posteritati
 Qualiter instinctu deitatis, et auspice cultu
 Est aggressa via memorando nobilis actu,
 Qua sacrosancti violantes jura sepulchri
 Digna receperunt meriti commercia pravi.
 Inque suis Francis antiqua resurgere Troja
 Cœpit, et edomuit Christo contraria regna.

I will only add the portrait of Godfrey:

Inclytus ille ducum Godefridus culmen honosque,
 Omnibus exemplum bonitatis militiæque,
 Sive hasta jaculans æquaret Parthica tela,
 Cominus aut feriens terebraret ferrea scuta,
 Seu gladio pugnans carnes refecaret et ossa,
 Sive eques atque pedes propelleret agmina densa,

Hic

Hic inimicitis cunctis sibi conciliatis
 Cunctis possessis pro Christi pace relictis
 Arripuit callem Christum sectando vocantem.

The poem closes with the capture of Jerusalem.

Laurentius of Verona, who flourished about the year 1120, wrote an Heroic poem, in seven books, intitled, *Rerum in Majorica Pisanorum*. Edidit Ughellus, tom. 3. *Italiæ sacræ*.

But, in merit and reputation, these early Latin Poets of modern time are very far inferior to Philip Gualtier de Chatillon, who seems to have been the first that caught any portion of true poetic spirit in Latin verse. He was Provost of the Canons of Tournay * about the year 1200, according to Mr. Warton, who has given some specimens of his style in the second Dissertation prefixed to his admirable *History of English Poetry*. I shall therefore only add, that the best edition of his *Alexandreid*, an Heroic poem in ten books on Alexander the Great, was printed at Leyden, 4to, 1558.

The superior merit of Josephus Iscanus, or

* Fabricius calls him *Episcopus Magalonensis*. *Bib. Lat.* tom. ii. p. 255.

Joseph of Exeter, has been also displayed by the same judicious Encomiast, in the Dissertation I have mentioned; nor has he failed to commemorate two Latin Epic Poets of the same period, and of considerable merit for the time in which they lived—Gunther, and William of Bretagny; the first was a German monk, who wrote after the year 1108, and has left various historical and poetical works; particularly two of the Epic kind—*Solymarium*, a poem on the taking of Jerusalem by Godfrey of Bulloign; and another, intitled *Ligurinus*, on the exploits of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, which he completed during the life of that Prince. The first was never printed; of the latter there have been several editions, and one by the celebrated Melancthon, in 1569. That his poetical merit was considerable in many respects, will appear from the following verses, in which he speaks of himself:

Hoc quoque me famæ, si desint cætera, solum
Conciliare potest, quod jam per multa latentes
Sæcula, nec clausis prodire penatibus ausas
Pierides vulgare paro, priscumque nitorem
Reddere carminibus, tardosque citare poetas.

William

William of Bretagny was preceptor to Pierre Charlot, natural son of Philip Augustus, King of France, and addressed a poem to his pupil, intituled *Karlotis*, which is yet unpublished ; but his greater work, called *Philippis*, an Heroic poem in twelve books, is printed in the collections of Duchesne and Pithæus ; and in a separate 4to volume, with a copious commentary by Barthius. Notwithstanding the praises bestowed on this Author by his learned Commentator, who prefers him to all his contemporaries, he appears to me inferior in poetic spirit to his three rivals, Gualtier de Chatillon, Iscanus, and Gunther. Yet his work is by no means despicable in its style, and may be considered as a valuable picture of the times in which he lived ; for he was himself engaged in many of the scenes which he describes. His profest design is to celebrate the exploits of Philip Augustus ; and he closes his poem with the death of that Monarch, which happened in 1223. He addresses his work, in two separate poetical dedications, to Lewis, the successor of Philip, and to Pierre Charlot his natural son, who was Bishop of Noyon in 1240, and died 1249. He seems to have been excited to this composition by the reputation of Gualtier's *Alexandreid* ; to which he thus alludes, in the verses addressed to Lewis :

Gesta ducis Macedum celebri describere versu
 Si licuit, Gualtere, tibi, quæ sola relatu
 Multivago docuit te vociferatio famæ—

— — — — —
 Cur ego quæ novi, proprio quæ lumine vidi,
 Non ausim magni magnalia scribere regis,
 Qui nec Alexandro minor est virtute, nec illo
 Urbi Romuleæ totum qui subdidit orbem?

He takes occasion also, in two other parts of his poem, to pay a liberal compliment to Gualtier, to whom, in poetical ability, he confesses himself inferior; but this inferiority his admirer Barthius will not allow. Of their respective talents the reader may judge, who will compare the passage which Mr. Warton has cited from the *Alexandreid*, with the following lines, in which William of Bretagne uses the very simile of his predecessor, comparing his hero Philip to a young lion:

Rex dolet ereptum comitem sibi, frendit, et iræ
 Occultare nequit tectos sub pectore motus,
 Nam rubor in vultu duplicatus prodit apertè
 Quam gravis illustrem trahit indignatio mentem.
 Qualiter in Lybicis spumante leunculo rictu
 Saltibus ungue ferox, et dentibus asper aduncis,
 Fortis

Fortis et horrifonis anno jam penè secundo,
Cui venatoris venabula forte per armos
Descendere levi stringentia vulnere corpus,
Colla rigens hirsuta jubis desævit in hostem
Jam retrocedentem, nec eum tetigisse volentem,
Cum nihil ex facto referat nisi dedecus illo.
Nec mora nec requies, quin jam deglutiat ipsum,
Ni prudens hostis prætenta cuspide scuto
Unguibus objecto, dum dat vestigia retrò,
In loca se retrahat non irrumpenda leoni.
Sic puer in comitem rex debacchatur, et ipsum
Subsequitur pressò relegens vestigia gressu.

I will add the following passage from the eleventh Book, as it contains an animated portrait, and a simile more original than the preceding.

At lævo in cornu, qui nulli marte secundus,
Bolonides pugnæ insistit, cui fraxinus ingens
Nunc implet dextram, vix ulli bajula, qualem
In Bacchi legimus portasse Capanea cunas,
Quam vix fulmineo dejecit Jupiter ictu :
Nunc culter vitæ impatiens, nunc sanguine pugni
Mucro rubens ; gemina e sublimi vertice fulgens
Cornua conus agit, superasque eduxit in auras
E costis assumpta nigris, quas faucis in antro
Branchia balenæ Britici colit incola ponti ;

Ut

Ut qui magnus erat magnæ superaddita moli
 Majorem faceret phantastica pompa videri.
 Ac velut in saltus scopulosa Bieria saltu
 Præcipiti mittit ingenti corpore cervum,
 Cujus multifidos numerant a cornibus annos,
 Mense sub Octobri nondum Septembre peracto,
 Annua quandò novis Venus incitat ignibus illum,
 Curstat in cervos ramosa fronte minores,
 Omnibus ut pulsus victor sub tegmine fagi
 Connubio cervam solus sibi subdat amatam.
 Haud secus e peditum medio, quibus ipse rotundo
 Ut castro cauta se circumsepserat arte,
 Profiliens volat in Thomam, Robertigenasque
 Drocarum Comitem, Belvacenumque Philippum
 Bolonides.———

William of Bretagny had an immediate successor in Latin poetry, who appears to have at least an equal portion of poetical spirit; the name of this Author is Nicholas de Brai, who wrote an Heroic poem on the actions of Louis the VIIIth, after the death of that Monarch, and addressed it to William of Auvergne, who was Bishop of Paris from the year 1228 to 1248. As a specimen of his descriptive power, I select the following lines, which form part of a long description of a Goblet presented to the King on his accession:

——Parant

———— Parant intrare palatia regis
Magnifici cives, gratissima dona ferentes,
Tegmina quos ornant variis insculpta figuris;
Et patrem patriæ jucunda voce salutant,
Et genibus flexis præsentant ditia dona.

— — — — —

Offertur crater, quem si sit credere dignum
Perditus ingenio fabricavit Mulciber auro;
Margine crateris totus depingitur orbis,
Et series rerum brevibus distincta figuris:
Illic pontus erat, tellus, et pendulus aer,
Ignis ad alta volans cœli supereminet illis:
Quatuor in partes orbis distinguitur, ingens
Circuit oceanus immensis fluctibus orbem.
Ingenio natura suo duo lumina fecit
Fixa tenore poli, mundi famulantia rebus.

The Author proceeds to describe Thebes and Troy, as they are figured on this superb Goblet; and concludes his account of the workmanship with the four following lines, of peculiar beauty for the age in which they appeared:

Martis adulterium resupino margine pinxit
Mulciber, et Venerem laqueis cum Marteligavit;
Pluraque cælasset sub margine, sed pudor illi
Obstat, et ingentis renovatur causa doloris.

This

This Poem, which the author seems to have left imperfect, is printed in the fifth volume of Duchesne's *Script. Francorum*.—England is said to have produced another Heroic Poet of considerable merit, who celebrated in Latin verse the exploits of Richard the First, and who was called *Gulielmus Peregrinus*, from his having attended that Prince to the Holy Land. Leland mentions him by the name of *Gulielmus de Canno*, and Pits calls him *Poetarum sui temporis apud nostrates facile Princeps*; but I do not find that his Work was ever printed; nor do the several biographical writers who speak of him, inform us where it exists in MS.

In Italy the Latin language is supposed to have been cultivated with still greater success, and the restoration of its purity is in great measure ascribed to Albertino Mussato, whose merits were first displayed to our country by the learned author of the *Essay on Pope*.—Mussato was a Paduan, of high rank and great talents, but unfortunate. He died in exile, 1329, and left, besides many smaller Latin pieces, an Heroic Poem, *De Gestis Italorum post Henricum VII. Cæsarem, seu de Obsidione Domini Canis Grandis de Verona circa Mœnia Paduanæ Civitatis et Conflictu ejus*.—Quadrio, from whom I transcribe this title, says it is printed

in the tenth volume of Muratori. Vossius, who speaks of him as an Historian, asserts that he commanded in the war which is the subject of his Poem.

In a few years after the death of Maffato, Petrarch received the laurel at Rome, for his Latin Epic poem, intitled Africa; a performance which has sunk so remarkably from the high reputation it once obtained, that the great admirer and encomiast of Petrarch, who has published three entertaining quarto volumes on his life, calls it “Un ouvrage sans chaleur, sans invention, sans interet, qui n’a pas meme le merite de la versification & du style, & dont il est impossible de soutenir la lecture.—I must observe, however, that Tasso, in his Essay on Epic Poetry, bestows a very high encomium on that part of Petrarch’s Latin poem, in which he celebrates the loves of Sophonisba and Masinissa; and indeed the censure of this amiable French writer, who in other points has done ample justice to the merits of Petrarch, appears to me infinitely too severe. There are many passages in this neglected Poem conceived with great force and imagination, and expressed with equal elegance of language. I shall select some verses from that part of it which has been honoured by the applause of Tasso. The

following lines describe the anguish of the young Numidian Prince, when he is constrained to abandon his lovely bride :

Volvitur inde thoro (quoniam sub pectore pernox
 Sævit amor, lacerantque truces præcordia curæ),
 Uritur, invigilant mœror, metus, ira, furorque ;
 Sæpè & absentem lacrymans dum stringit amicam,
 Sæpè thoro dedit amplexus et dulcia verba.
 Postquam nulla valent violento fræna dolori,
 Incipit, et longis solatur damna querelis :
 Cura mihi nimium, vita mihi dulcior omni,
 Sophonisba, vale ! non te, mea cura, videbo
 Leniter æthereos posthac componere vultus,
 Effusosque auro religantem ex more capillos ;
 Dulcia non cœlum mulcentia verba Deosque
 Oris odorati, secretaque murmura, carpam.
 Solus ero, gelidoque insternam membra cubili ;
 Atque utinam socio componat amica sepulchro,
 Et simul hic vetitos, illic concorditer annos,
 Contingat duxisse mihi fors optima busti.
 Si cinis amborum commixtis morte medullis
 Unus erit, Scipio nostros non scindet amores.
 O utinam infernis etiam nunc una latebris
 Umbra simus, liceat pariter per claustra vagari
 Myrtea, nec nostros Scipio disjungat amores.
 Ibimus una ambo flentes, et passibus iisdem
 Ibimus,

Ibimus, æterno connexi fœdere ; nec nos
Ferreus aut æquos Scipio interrumpet amores.

The well-known catastrophe of the unfortunate Sophonisba is related with much poetical spirit. The close of her life, and her first appearance in the regions of the dead, are peculiarly striking :

Illa manu pateramque tenens, & lumina cœlo
Attollens, Sol alme, inquit, Superique valete !
Masinissa, vale ! nostri memor ; inde malignum
Ceu sitiens haurit non mota fronte venenum,
Tartareasque petit violentus spiritus umbras.

Nulla magis Stygios mirantum obsessa corona
Umbra lacus subiit, postquam divisa triformis
Partibus haud æquis stetit ingens machina mundi.
Obtutu attonito stabant horrentia circum
Agmina Pœnarum, sparsoque rigentia villo
Eumenidum tacitis inhiabant rictibus ora.
Regia vis oculis inerat, pallorque verendus,
Et vetus egregia majestas fronte manebat.
Indignata tamen superis, irataque morti,
Ibat et exiguo defigens lumina flexu.

With Petrarch I may close this cursory review
of the neglected authors who wrote Heroic poems

in Latin, during the course of the dark ages. — A peculiar circumstance induces me to add another name to the preceding list. John, Abbot of Peterborough, in the reign of Edward the Third, wrote an Heroic poem, intitled *Bellum Navarrense*, 1366, de Petro rege Aragoniæ & Edwardo Principe. This performance, containing five hundred and sixty verses, is said to be preserved in MS. in the Bodleian Library; and I have thought it worthy of notice, because it treats of the very subject on which Dryden informs us he had once projected an Epic poem.

Of the many Latin compositions of the Epic kind, which later times have produced, the *Christiad* of Vida, the *Sarcotis* of Massenius, and the *Constantine* of Mambrun, appear to me the most worthy of regard; but even these are seldom perused: and indeed the Poet, who in a polished age prefers the use of a dead language to that of a living one, can only expect, and perhaps only deserves, the attention of a few curious sequestered students.

NOTE IV. VERSE 81.

Thy daring Dante his wild Vision sung.] Dante Allighieri was born at Florence, in May 1265, of
an

an ancient and honourable family. Boccacio, who lived in the same period, has left a very curious and entertaining Treatise, on the Life, the Studies, and Manners of this extraordinary Poet; whom he regarded as his master, and for whose memory he professed the highest veneration. This interesting biographer relates, that Dante, before he was nine years old, conceived a passion for the lady whom he has immortalized in his singular Poem. Her age was near his own; and her name was Beatrice, the daughter of Folco Portinari, a noble citizen of Florence. Of this fair one the best accounts are obscure. Some refining commentators have even denied her corporeal existence; affirming her to be nothing more or less than Theology: but we may question if Theology was ever the mistress of so young a lover. The passion of Dante, however, like that of his successor Petrarch, seems to have been of the chaste and Platonic kind, according to the account he has himself given of it, in one of his early productions, intitled *Vita Nuova*; a mixture of mysterious poetry and prose, in which he mentions both the origin of his affection, and the death of his mistress; who, according to Boccacio, died at the age of twenty-four. The same author asserts, that Dante fell into a deep melancholy in consequence of this

event, from which his friends endeavoured to raise him, by persuading him to marriage. After some time he followed their advice, and repented it; for he unfortunately made choice of a lady who bore some resemblance to the celebrated Xantippe. The Poet, not possessing the patience of Socrates, separated himself from her with such vehement expressions of dislike, that he never afterwards admitted her to his presence, though she had borne him several children.—In the early part of his life he gained some credit in a military character; distinguishing himself by his bravery in an action where the Florentines obtained a signal victory over the citizens of Arezzo. He became still more eminent by the acquisition of civil honours; and at the age of thirty-five he rose to be one of the chief magistrates of Florence, when that dignity was conferred by the suffrages of the people. From this exaltation the Poet himself dated his principal misfortunes, as appears from the fragment of a letter quoted by Lionardo Bruni, one of his early biographers, where Dante speaks of his political failure with that liberal frankness which integrity inspires.—Italy was at that time distracted by the contending factions of the Ghibellins and the Guelphs: the latter, among whom Dante took an active part, were again divided into the Blacks
and

and the Whites. Dante, says Gravina, exerted all his influence to unite these inferior parties; but his efforts were ineffectual, and he had the misfortune to be unjustly persecuted by those of his own faction. A powerful citizen of Florence, named Corso Donati, had taken measures to terminate these intestine broils, by introducing Charles of Valois, brother to Philip the Fair, King of France. Dante, with great vehemence, opposed this disgraceful project, and obtained the banishment of Donati and his partizans. The exiles applied to the Pope (Boniface the VIIIth), and by his assistance succeeded in their design. Charles of Valois entered Florence in triumph, and those who had opposed his admission were banished in their turn. Dante had been dispatched to Rome as the ambassador of his party, and was returning, when he received intelligence of the revolution in his native city. His enemies, availing themselves of his absence, had procured an iniquitous sentence against him, by which he was condemned to banishment, and his possessions were confiscated. His two enthusiastic biographers, Boccacio and Manetti, express the warmest indignation against this injustice of his country.—Dante, on receiving the intelligence, took refuge in Siena, and afterwards in Arezzo, where many of his party were assembled.

An attempt was made to surprise the city of Florence, by a small army which Dante is supposed to have attended: the design miscarried, and our Poet is conjectured to have wandered to various parts of Italy, till he found a patron in the great Can della Scala, Prince of Verona, whom he has celebrated in his Poem. The high spirit of Dante was ill suited to courtly dependence; and he is said to have lost the favour of his Veronese patron by the rough frankness of his behaviour. From Verona he retired to France, according to Manetti; and Boccacio affirms that he disputed in the Theological Schools of Paris with great reputation. Bayle questions his visiting Paris at this period of his life, and thinks it improbable that a man, who had been one of the chief magistrates of Florence, should condescend to engage in the public squabbles of the Parisian Theologists. But the spirit both of Dante, and the times in which he lived, sufficiently account for this exercise of his talents; and his residence in France at this season is confirmed by Boccacio, in his life of our Poet, which Bayle seems to have had no opportunity of consulting.

The election of Henry Count of Luxemburgh to the empire, in November 1308, afforded Dante a prospect of being restored to his native city, as he attached himself to the interest of the new Emperor,

peror, in whose service he is supposed to have written his Latin treatise *De Monarchia*, in which he asserted the rights of the Empire against the encroachments of the Papacy. In the year 1311, he instigated Henry to lay siege to Florence; in which enterprize, says one of his Biographers, he did not appear in person, from motives of respect towards his native city. The Emperor was repulsed by the Florentines; and his death, which happened in the succeeding year, deprived Dante of all hopes concerning his re-establishment in Florence.

After this disappointment, he is supposed to have passed some years in roving about Italy in a state of poverty and distress, till he found an honourable establishment at Ravenna, under the protection of Guido Novello da Polenta, the lord of that city, who received this illustrious exile with the most endearing liberality, continued to protect him through the few remaining years of his life, and extended his munificence to the ashes of the Poet.

Eloquence was one of the many talents which Dante possessed in an eminent degree. On this account he is said to have been employed on fourteen different embassies in the course of his life, and to have succeeded in most of them. His patron Guido had occasion to try his abilities in a service of this nature,

nature, and dispatched him as his ambassador to negotiate a peace with the Venetians, who were preparing for hostilities against Ravenna. Manetti asserts that he was unable to procure a public audience at Venice, and returned to Ravenna by land, from his apprehensions of the Venetian fleet; when the fatigue of his journey, and the mortification of failing in his attempt to preserve his generous patron from the impending danger, threw him into a fever, which terminated in death on the 14th of September 1321. He died, however, in the palace of his friend, and the affectionate Guido paid the most tender regard to his memory. This magnificent patron, says Boccacio, commanded the body to be adorned with poetical ornaments, and, after being carried on a bier through the streets of Ravenna by the most illustrious citizens, to be deposited in a marble coffin. He pronounced himself the funeral oration, and expressed his design of erecting a splendid monument in honour of the deceased: a design which his subsequent misfortunes rendered him unable to accomplish. At his request, many epitaphs were written on the Poet: the best of them, says Boccacio, by Giovanni del Virgilio of Bologna, a famous author of that time, and the intimate friend of Dante. Boccacio then cites a few Latin verses, not worth

worth transcribing, six of which are quoted by Bayle as the composition of Dante himself, on the authority of Paul Jovius. In 1483, Bernardo Bembo, the father of the celebrated Cardinal, raised a handsome monument over the neglected ashes of the Poet, with the following inscription :

Exigua tumuli Danthes hic sorte jacebas
Squallenti nulli cognita pænè situ;
At nunc marmoreo subnixus conderis arcu,
Omnibus et cultu splendidiore nites:
Nimirum Bembus, Musis incensus Etruscis,
Hoc tibi, quem in primis hæ coluere, dedit.

Before this period the Florentines had vainly endeavoured to obtain the bones of their great Poet from the city of Ravenna. In the age of Leo the Xth they made a second attempt, by a solemn application to the Pope for that purpose; and the great Michael Angelo, an enthusiastic admirer of Dante, very liberally offered to execute a magnificent monument to the Poet. The hopes of the Florentines were again unsuccessful. The particulars of their singular petition may be found in the notes to *Condivi's Life of Michael Angelo*.

The person and manners of Dante are thus represented by the descriptive pen of Boccacio :—

“ Fu

“ Fu adunque questo nostro Poeta di Mezzana statura; e poichè alla matura età fu pervenuto, andò alquanto gravetto, ed era il suo andar grave, e mansueto, di onestissimi panni sempre vestito, in quello abito, che era alla sua matura età convenevole; il suo volto fu lungo, il naso aquilino, gli occhi anzi grossi, che piccioli, le mascelle grandi, e dal labbro di sotto, era quel di sopra avanzato; il colore era bruno, i capelli, e la barba spessi neri e crespi,

A GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

Guido, vorrei, che tu, e Lappo, ed io,
 Fossimo presi per incantamento,
 E messi ad un vassel, ch'ad ogni vento
 Per mare andasse a voler vostro e mio;
 Sicché fortuna, od altro tempo rio,
 Non ci potesse dare impedimento:
 Anzi vivendo sempre in noi talento
 Di stare insieme crescesse 'l disio.
 E monna Vanna, e monna Bice poi,
 Con quella fu il numer delle trenta,
 Con noi ponesse il buono incantatore:
 E quivi ragionar sempre d' amore:
 E ciascuna di lor fosse contenta,
 Siccome io credo che faremo noi.

crespi, e sempre nella faccia malinconico e pensoso
 —Ne costumi publici e domestici mirabilmente
 fu composto e ordinato ; più che niuno altro cortese
 e civile ; nel cibo e nel poto fu modestissimo. —

Though Dante is described as much inclined to
 melancholy, and his genius particularly delighted
 in the gloomy and sublime, yet in his early period
 of life he seems to have possessed all the lighter
 graces of sprightly composition, as appears from
 the following airy and sportive sonnet :

I M I T A T I O N.

Henry ! I wish that you, and Charles, and I,
 By some sweet spell within a bark were plac'd,
 A gallant bark with magic virtue grac'd,
 Swift at our will with every wind to fly :
 So that no changes of the shifting sky,
 No stormy terrors of the watery waste,
 Might bar our course, but heighten still our taste
 Of sprightly joy, and of our social tie :
 Then, that my Lucy, Lucy fair and free,
 With those soft nymphs on whom your souls are
 bent,
 The kind magician might to us convey,
 To talk of love throughout the live-long day ;
 And that each fair might be as well content
 As I in truth believe our hearts would be.

These lively verses were evidently written before the Poet lost the object of his earliest attachment, as she is mentioned by the name of Bice. At what time, and in what place, he executed the great and singular work which has rendered him immortal, his numerous Commentators seem unable to determine. Boccacio asserts, that he began it in his thirty-fifth year, and had finished seven Cantos of his *Inferno* before his exile; that in the plunder of his house, on that event, the beginning of his poem was fortunately preserved, but remained for some time neglected; till its merit being accidentally discovered by an intelligent Poet, named Dino, it was sent to the Marquis Maroello Malefina, an Italian nobleman, by whom Dante was then protected. The Marquis restored these lost papers to the Poet, and entreated him to proceed in a work which opened in so promising a manner. To this incident we are probably indebted for the poem of Dante, which he must have continued under all the disadvantages of an unfortunate and agitated life. It does not appear at what time he completed it; perhaps before he quitted Verona, as he dedicated the *Paradise* to his Veronese patron.—The Critics have variously accounted for his having called his poem *Comedia*. He gave it that title, said one of his sons, because it opens with distress, and closes with felicity. The very high estimation

estimation in which this production was held by his country, appears from a singular institution. The republic of Florence, in the year 1373, assigned a public stipend to a person appointed to read lectures on the poem of Dante: Boccacio was the first person engaged in this office; but his death happening in two years after his appointment, his Comment extended only to the seventeen first Cantos of the Inferno. The critical dissertations that have been written on Dante are almost as numerous as those to which Homer has given birth: the Italian, like the Grecian Bard, has been the subject of the highest panegyric, and of the grossest invective. Voltaire has spoken of him with that precipitate vivacity, which so frequently led that lively Frenchman to insult the reputation of the noblest writers. In one of his entertaining letters, he says to an Italian Abbé, “ Je fais grand cas du courage, avec lequel vous avez osé dire que Dante étoit un fou, et son ouvrage un monstre — — — Le Dante pourra entrer dans les bibliothèques des curieux, mais il ne sera jamais lu.” But more temperate and candid Critics have not been wanting, to display the merits of this original Poet. Mr. Warton has introduced into his last volume on English Poetry, a judicious and spirited summary of Dante’s performance. We

have several versions of the celebrated story of Ugo-
lino ; but I believe no entire Canto of Dante has
hitherto appeared in our language, though his
whole work has been translated into French,
Spanish, and Latin verse. The three Cantos
which follow were translated a few years ago,
to oblige a particular friend. The Author has
since been solicited to execute an entire translation
of Dante : but the extreme inequality of this
Poet would render such a work a very laborious
undertaking ; and it appears very doubtful how far
such a version would interest our country. Per-
haps the reception of these Cantos may discover to
the

DELL' INFERNO.

CANTO I.

NEL mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
Che la diritta via era smarrita :
E quanto à dir qual era, è cosa dura,
Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,
Che nel pensier rinnuova la paura.

the Translator the sentiments of the public. At all events, he flatters himself that the ensuing portion of a celebrated poem may afford some pleasure from its novelty, as he has endeavoured to give the English reader an idea of Dante's peculiar manner, by adopting his triple rhyme ; and he does not recollect that this mode of versification has ever appeared before in our language : it has obliged him, of course to make the number of translated lines correspond exactly with those of the original. The difficulties attending this metre will sufficiently shew themselves, and obtain some degree of indulgence from the intelligent and candid reader.

T H E I N F E R N O O F D A N T E.

C A N T O I.

IN the mid season of this mortal strife,
I found myself within a gloomy grove,
Far wandering from the ways of perfect life :
The place I know not, where I chanc'd to rove ;
It was a wood so wild, it wounds me sore
But to remember with what ills I strove :

Tanto è amara, che poco è più morte :
Ma per trattar del ben, ch'i vi trovai,
Dirò dell' altre cose, ch'i v'ho scorte.
I non so ben ridir, com'i v'entrai ;
Tant'era pien di sonno in su quel punto,
Che la verace via abbandonai.
Ma po' ch'i fui al piè d'un colle giunto,
Là ove terminava quella valle,
Che m'avea di paura il cor compunto ;
Guarda'in alto, e vidi le sue spalle
Vestite già de' raggi del pianeta,
Che mena dritto altrui per ogni calle.
Allor fu la paura un poco queta,
Che nel lago del cor m'era durata,
La notte, ch'i passai con tanta pietà.
E come quei, che con lena affannata
Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva,
Si volge all'aqua perigliosa, e guata ;
Così l'animo mio, ch'ancor fuggiva,
Si vols' à retro à rimirar lo passo,
Che non lasciò giammai persona viva.
Poi ch'ebbi riposato il corpo lasso,
Ripresi via per la piaggia deserta,
Si che 'l piè fermo sempre era 'l più basso.
Ed ecco, quasi al cominciar dell' erta,
Una lonza leggiera e presta molto,
Che di pel maculato era coperta.

Such still my dread, that death is little more.

But I will tell the good which there I found.

High things 'twas there my fortune to explore :
Yet how I enter'd on that secret ground

I know not to explain ; so much in sleep

My mortal senses at that hour were drown'd.

But when I reach'd the bottom of a steep,

That rose to terminate the dreary vale,

Which made cold terrors thro' my bosom creep,
I look'd on high, where breath'd a purer gale,

And saw the summit glisten with that ray

Which leads the wand'rer safe o'er hill and dale.

This soon began to chase those fears away,

Which held my struggling spirit bound so fast

During that night of darkness and dismay :

And, as th' exhausted wretch, by fortune cast

Safe from the stormy deep upon the shore,

Turns to survey the perils he has past,

So turn'd my soul, ere yet its dread was o'er,

Back to contemplate that mysterious strait

Where living mortal never past before.

Arising soon from this repose elate,

Up the rough steep my journey I begin,

My lower foot sustaining all my weight.

Here, while my toilsome way I slowly win,

Behold a nimble Panther springs to fight !

And beauteous spots adorn his motley skin :

E non mi si partia dinanzi al volto ;
Anz' impediva tanto 'l mio cammino,
Ch'i fu per ritornar piu volte volto.
Temp' era dal principio del mattino,
E 'l sol montava in su con quelle stelle,
Ch' eran con lui, quando l'amor divino
Mosse da prima quelle cose belle
Si ch'a bene sperar m'era cagione
Di quella fera la gaietta pelle,
L'ora del tempo, e la dolce stagione :
Ma non si, che paura non mi desse
La vista, che m'apparve d'un leone.
Questi pareo, che contra me venesse
Con la test'alta, e con rabbiosa fame,
Si che pareo, che l'aer ne temesse :
Ed una lupa, che di tutte brame
Semiava carca con la sua magrezza,
E molte genti fe' già viver grame.
Questa mi porse tanto di gravezza
Con la paura, ch'uscia di sua vista,
Ch'i perde' la speranza dell' altezza.
E quale è quei, che volentieri acquista,
E ginge 'l tempo, che perder lo face,
Che 'n tutt' i suoi pensier piange, e s'attrista ;
Tal me fece la bestia senza pace,
Che venendomi 'ncontro, a poco a poco
Mi ripingeva là, dove 'l sol tace.

Mentre

He at my presence shew'd no signs of fright,
But rather strove to bar my doubtful way ;
I often turn'd, and oft resolv'd on flight.
'Twas now the chearful hour of rising day ;
The sun advanc'd in that propitious sign
Which first beheld his radiant beams display
Creation's charms, the work of love divine !
So that I now was rais'd to hope sublime,
By these bright omens of a fate benign,
The beauteous Beast and the sweet hour of prime.
But soon I lost that hope ; and shook yet more
To see a Lion in this lonely clime :
With open jaws, athirst for human gore,
He rush'd towards me in his hungry ire ;
Air seem'd to tremble at his savage roar.
With him, inflam'd with every fierce desire,
A famish'd She-wolf, like a spectre, came ;
Beneath whose gripe shall many a wretch expire.
Such sad oppression seiz'd my sinking frame,
Such horror at these strange tremendous fights,
My hopes to climb the hill no longer aim ;
But, as the wretch whom lucre's lust incites,
In the curst hour which scatters all his wealth,
Sinks in deep sorrow, dead to all delights,
So was I robb'd of all my spirit's health,
And to the quarter where the sun grows mute,
Driven by this Beast, who crept on me by stealth.

Mentre ch'i rovinava in basso loco,
 Dinanzi gli occhi mi si fu offerto
 Chi per lungo silenzio pareva fioco.
 Quando i' vidi costui nel gran deserto ;
 Miserere di me gridai a lui,
 Qual che tu sii, od ombra, od uomo certo.
 Risposemi : non uomo, uomo già fui,
 E li parenti miei furon Lombardi,
 E Mantovani, per patria amendui.
 Nacqui sub Julio, ancorche fosse tardi,
 E vissi a Roma, sotto 'l buono Augusto,
 Al tempo degli Dei falsi e bugiardi.
 Poeta fui, e cantai di quel giusto
 Figliuol d'Anchise, che venne da Troja,
 Poichè 'l superbo Ilion fu combusto.
 Ma tu, perchè ritorni à tanta noja ?
 . Perchè non sali il diletto so monte,
 Ch'è principio e cagion di tutta gioja ?
 Or se' tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte,
 Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume ?
 Risposi lui, con vergognosa fronte.
 Oh degli altri poeti onore e lume,
 Vagliami 'l lungo studio, e'l grande amore,
 Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.
 Tu se' lo mio maestro, e'l mio autore :
 Tu se' solo colui, da cu'io tolsi
 Lo bello stile, che m'ha fatto onore.

While I retreated from her dread pursuit,
 A manly figure my glad eyes survey'd,
 Whose voice was like the whisper of a lute.
 Soon as I saw him in this dreary glade,
 Take pity on me, to this form I cry'd,
 Be thou substantial man, or fleeting shade !—
 A man I was (the gracious form reply'd)
 And both my parents were of Lombard race ;
 They in their native Mantua liv'd and dy'd :
 I liv'd at Rome, rich in a monarch's grace,
 Beneath the good Augustus' letter'd reign,
 While fabled Gods were serv'd with worship base.
 A Bard I was : the subject of my strain
 That just and pious Chief who sail'd from Troy,
 Sinking in ashes on the sanguine plain.
 But thou, whom these portentous fights annoy,
 Why dost thou turn ? why not ascend the mount,
 Source of all good, and summit of all joy !—
 Art thou that Virgil ? thou ! that copious fount
 Of richest eloquence, so clear, so bright ?
 I answer'd, blushing at his kind account ;
 O thou ! of Poets the pure guide and light !
 Now let me profit by that fond esteem
 Which kept thy song for ever in my sight !
 Thou art my Master ! thou my Bard supreme,
 From whom alone my fond ambition drew
 That purer style which I my glory deem !

Vedi la bestia, per cu'io mi volsi :
 Ajutami da lei, famoso saggio,
 Ch'ella mi fa tremar le vene e i polsi.
 A te convien tenere altro viaggio,
 Rispose, poichè lagrimar mi vide,
 Se vuoi campar d'esto luogo selvaggio :
 Che questa bestia, per la qual tu gride,
 Non lascia altrui passar per la sua via,
 Ma tanto lo 'mpedisce, che l'uccide :
 Ed ha natura sì malvagia e ria,
 Che mai non empie la bramosa voglia,
 E, dopo 'l pasto, ha più fame, che pria.
 Molti son gli animali, a cui s'ammoglia ;
 E più faranno ancora, infin che 'l veltro
 Verrà, che la farà morir di doglia.
 Questi non ciberà terra, nè peltro,
 Ma sapienza, e amore, e virtute,
 E sua nazione farà tra Feltro e Feltro :
 Di quell' umile Italia fia salute,
 Per cui morì la Vergine Cammilla,
 Eurialo, e Turno, e Niso di ferute :
 Questi la caccerà per ogni villa,
 Fin ch'è l'avrà rimessa nello 'nferno,
 La onde 'nvidia prima dipartilla.
 Ond' io, per lo tuo me', penso e discerno,
 Che tu mi segui, ed io farò tua guida,
 E trarrotti di qui, per luogo eterno,

O ! from this Beast, so hideous to the view,
Saveme ! O saveme ! thou much-honour'd Sage !
For growing terrors all my power subdue.—
A different road must lead thee from her rage,
(He said, observant of my starting tears)
And from this wild thy spirit disengage ;
For that terrific Beast, which caus'd thy fears,
Worries each wretch that in her road she spies,
Till death at length, his sole relief, appears.
So keen her nature, sleep ne'er seals her eyes ;
Her ravenous hunger no repast can sate ;
Food only serves to make its fury rise.
She calls from different animals her mate ;
And long shall she produce an offspring base,
Then from a mighty victor meet her fate.
Nor pomp nor riches shall that victor grace,
But truth, and love, and all excelling worth ;
He from his rescu'd land all ill shall chase,
The saviour of the realm that gives him birth,
Of Italy, for whom Camilla fell,
And Turnus, fighting for his native earth,
And Nisus, with the friend he lov'd so well.
The Beast this victor to that den shall drive
Whence Envy let her loose, her native hell !
Now for thy good, well-pleas'd, I will contrive,
That by my aid, while I thy steps controul,
Thou shalt in safety at those realms arrive

Where

Ov' udirai le disperate strida,
 Vedrai gli antiche spiriti dolenti,
 Che la seconda morte ciascun grida :
 E poi vedrai color, che son contenti
 Nel fuoco ; perchè speran di venire,
 Quando che sia, alle beate genti :
 Alle qua' poi se tu vorrai salire,
 Anima fia, a ciò di me più degna :
 Con lei ti lascerò nel mio partire :
 Che quello 'mperador, che lassù regna,
 Perch' i' fu' ribellante alla sua legge,
 Non vuol che'n sua città per me si vegna.
 In tutte parti impera, e quivi regge :
 Quivi è la sua cittade, e l'alto seggio :
 O felice colui, cu' ivi elegge !
 Ed io a lui : Poeta, i' ti rechiedgio,
 Per quello Iddio, che tu non conoscesti,
 Acciocch' i' fugga questo male e peggio,
 Che tu mi meni, là dov'or dicesti,
 Sì ch' i' vegga la porta di san Pietro,
 E color che tu fai cotanto mesti.
 Allor si mosse, ed io li tenni dietro.

CANTO II.

LO giorno se n'andava, e l'aer bruno
 Toglieva gli animai, che sono 'n terra,
 Dalle fatiche loro : ed io sol' uno

Where thou shalt see the tortur'd spirits roll,
And hear each mourn his miserable fate,
Calling for death on his immortal soul.
Then shalt thou visit those, who in a state
Of purifying fire are still content,
And for their promis'd heaven submissive wait :
If to that heaven thy happy course is bent,
A worthier guard will soon my place supply ;
A purer spirit, for thy guidance sent !
For that Immortal Power, who rules on high,
Because I ne'er his perfect laws have known,
His sacred presence will to me deny.
There in the realms of light he fix'd his throne ;
There o'er the world Almighty Lord he reigns :
O blest the servant whom he deigns to own !—
Poet (I answer'd) by thy living strains,
And by that God, tho' not reveal'd to thee,
That I may 'scape from these, and heavier pains,
Be thou my leader, where thy way is free !
So that my eyes St. Peter's gate may find,
And all the wonders of the deep may see !
He led, and I attentive march'd behind.

C A N T O II.

THE day was sinking, and the dusky air
On all the animals of earth bestow'd
Rest from their labours. I alone prepare

M'apparecchiava a softener la guerra,
Si del cammino, e sì della pietate,
Che ritrarrà la mente, che non erra.

O Muse, o alto 'ngegno, or m'ajutate:
O mente, che scrivesti ciò ch'i' vidi,
Qui si parrà la tua nobilitate.

Io cominciai: Poeta, che mi guidi,
Guarda la mia virtù, s'ell' è possiente,
Prima ch' all' alto passo tu mi fidi.

Tu dici, che di Silvio lo parente,
Corrutibile ancora, ad immortale
Secolo andò, e fu sensibilmente.

Però se l'avversario d'ogni male
Cortese fu, pensando l'alto effetto,
Ch' uscir dovea di lui, e 'l chi, e 'l quale,
Non pare indegno ad uomo d'intelletto:
Ch' ei fu dell' alma Roma, e di suo 'mpero,
Nell' empireo ciel, per padre, eletto:

La quale, e'l quale (a voler dir lo vero)
Fur stabiliti, per lo loco santo,
U' siede il successor del maggior Piero.

Per questa andata, onde li dai tu vanto,
Intese cose, che furon cagione
Di sua vittoria, e del papale ammanto.

Andovvi poi lo vas d'elezione,
Per recarne conforto, a quella fede,
Ch' è principio alla via di salvazione.

To meet new toil, both from my dreary road,
And pious wish to paint in worthy phrase
The Unerring Mind, and his divine abode.
O sacred Muses ! now my genius raise !
O Memory, who writest what I saw,
From hence shall spring thy ever-during praise !
Kind Poet (I began, with trembling awe)
Mark if my soul be equal to this aim !
Nor into scenes too hard my weakness draw !
Thy Song declares, the Chief of pious fame
Appear'd among the blest, retaining still
His mortal senses and material frame ;
Yet, if the great Opposer of all ill
Shew'd grace to him, as knowing what and who
Should from him rise, and mighty things fulfil,
Most worthy he appear'd, in Reason's view,
That Heaven should chuse him as the Roman Sire,
Source of that empire which so widely grew,
Mark'd in its growth by the angelic choir
To be the seat where Sanctity should rest,
And Peter's heirs yet raise dominion higher.
From his dark journey, in thy Song exprest,
He learn'd mysterious things ; from whence arose
Rome's early grandeur and the Papal vest.
To Paul, while living, heaven's high powers disclose
Their secret bliss, that he may thence receive
Strength in that faith from which salvation flows.

Ma io, perchè venirvi ? o chi 'l concede ?

Io non Enea, io non Paolo sono :

Me degno à ciò, nè io, nè altri il crede.

Perchè se del venire i' m'abbandono,

Temo che la venuta non sia folle :

Se' favio, e 'ntendi me', ch'i' non ragiono.

E quale è quei, che disvuol ciò ch'e' volle,

E per nuovi pensier cangia proposta,

Si che del cominciar tutto si tolle ;

Tal mi fec' io' in quella oscura costa :

Perchè, pensando, consumai la 'mpresa,

Che fu, nel cominciar, cotanto tosta.

Se io hò ben la tua parola intesa,

Rispose del magnanimo quell' ombra,

L'anima tua è da viltate offesa :

La qual molte fiate l'uomo ingombra,

Si che d'onrata impresa lo rivolve,

Come falso veder bestia, quand' ombra.

Da questa tema acciocché tu ti solve,

Dirotti, perch' i' venni, e quel, ch'io'ntefi,

Nel primo punto, che di te mi dolve.

Io era tra color, che son sospesi,

E donna mi chiamò beata e bella,

Tal che di comandare i' la richiesi.

Lucevan gli occhi suoi più, che la stella :

E cominciommi a dir soave e piana,

Con angelica voce, in sua favella :

O anima

But how may I this high exploit atchieve?

I'm not Æneas, nor the holy Paul :

Of this unworthy I myself believe :

If then I follow at thy friendly call,

Midway perchance my trembling soul may sink :

Wise as thou art, thou may'st foresee my fall.

Now as a man who, shudd'ring on the brink

Of some great venture, sudden shifts his mind,

And feels his spirit from the peril shrink ;

So, in this scene of doubt and darkness join'd,

Wavering I wasted thought in wild affright,

And the first ardour of my soul resign'd.

If thy faint words I understand aright,

(Reply'd the mighty and magnanimous shade)

Those mists of fear have dimm'd thy mental sight,

Which oft the seat of human sense invade,

And make blind mortals from high deeds recoil,

By Terror's airy phantasies betray'd :

But, that such fears thy soul no more may soil,

I'll tell thee whence I came ; at whose request ;

When first I pitied thy uncertain toil.

From the suspended host in which I rest,

A lovely Spirit call'd me, fair as light ;

Eager I waited on her high behest ;

While eyes beyond the solar radiance bright,

And with the sweetness of an angel's tongue,

Thus her soft words my willing aid invite :

O ever

O anima cortese Mantovana,
 Di cui la fama ancor nel mondo dura,
 E durerà, quanto 'l moto lontana :
 L'amico mio, e non della ventura,
 Nella deserta spiaggia è impedito
 Sì nel cammin, che volto è per paura :
 E temo, che non sia già sì smarrito,
 Ch'io mi sia tardi al foccorso levata,
 Per quel, ch' io ho di lui, nel Cielo, udito.
 Or muovi, e con la tua parola ornata,
 E con ciò, che ha mestieri al suo campare,
 L'ajuta sì, ch'i' ne sia consolata.
 I' son Beatrice, che ti faccio andare :
 Vegno di loco, ove tornar disio :
 Amor mi mosse, che mi fa parlare.
 Quando farò dinanzi al signor mio,
 Di te mi loderò sovente a lui :
 Tacette allora, e poi comincia' io :
 O donna di virtù, sola, per cui,
 L'umana spezie eccede ogni contento
 Da quel ciel, ch' ha minor li cerchi suoi :
 Tanto m'aggrada 'l tuo comandamento,
 Che l'ubbidir, se già fosse, m'è tardi :
 Più non t'è uopo aprirmi 'l tuo talento.
 Ma dimmi la cagion, che non ti guardi
 Dello scender quaggiuso, in questo centro,
 Dall' ampie loco, ove tornar tu ardi.

O ever gentle shade, from Mantua sprung !
Whose fame unfading on the earth shall last,
As long as earth in ambient air is hung ;
My friend, whose love all base desire surpast,
In yon drear desert finds his passage barr'd,
And compass'd round with terrors stands aghast ;
And much I fear, beset with dangers hard,
He may be lost beyond all friendly reach,
And I from heaven descend too late a guard.
But go ! and with thy soft soul-soothing speech,
And all the aid thy wisdom may inspire,
The ways of safety to this wanderer teach !
My name is Beatrice : the heavenly quire
For this I left, tho' ever left with pain ;
But love suggested what I now desire.
When I the presence of my lord regain,
On thee my praises with delight shall dwell.
So spake this angel, in her heavenly strain.
Bright Fair, (I cry'd) who didst on earth excel
All that e'er shone beneath the lunar sphere,
And every mind to virtuous love impel !
Had I e'en now perform'd the task I hear,
That swift performance I should think too slow :
Nor needs there more ; your gracious will is clear :
Yet how you venture, I would gladly know,
From those pure realms, to which again you fly,
So near the center of eternal woe.

Da che tu vuoi saper cotanto addentro,
Dirotti brevemente, mi rispose,
Perch' i' non temo di venir qua entro.
Temer si dee di sole quelle cose,
Ch' hanno potenza di fare altrui male :
Dell' altre nò, che non son paurose.
Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,
Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,
Nè fiamma d'esto 'ncendio non m'assale.
Donna è gentil nel ciel, che si compiangere
Di questo 'mpedimento, ov' i' ti mando,
Sì che duro giudicio lassù frange.
Questa chiese Lucía in suo dimando,
E disse : Ora abbisogna il tuo fedele
Di te, ed io a te lo raccomando.
Lucía nimica di ciascun crudele
Si mosse, e venne al loco, dov' i' era,
Che mi sedea con l'antica Rachele :
Disse, Beatrice, loda di Dio vera,
Che non soccorri quei, che t'amò tanto ;
Ch' uscío per te della volgare schiera ?
Non odi tu la pieta del suo pianto,
Non vedi tu la morte, che 'l combatte
Su la fiumana, ove 'l mar non ha vanto ?
Al mondo non fur mai persone ratte
A far lor pro, ed a fuggir lor danno,
Com' io, dopò cotai parole fatte,

What you require (she said, in kind reply)
I briefly will explain : how thus I dare,
Unconscious of alarm, these depths to try.
From these things only springs our fearful care,
By which our hapless friends may suffer ill ;
But not from other ; for no fear is there.
Such am I form'd, by Heaven's most gracious will,
That torture cannot touch my purer frame,
E'en where fierce fires his flaming region fill.
A gentle spirit (Lucia is her name)
In heaven laments the hardships of my friend,
For whom I ask your aid : to me she came,
And kindly bade me to his woes attend :
Behold (she said) thy servant in distress !
And I his safety to thy care commend.
Lucia, the friend of all whom ills oppress,
Me, where I sate with pensive Rachel, sought,
In heavenly contemplation's deep recess :
In mercy's name (she cry'd) thus lost in thought,
Seest thou not him who held thy charms so dear,
Whom Love to rise above the vulgar taught ?
And dost thou not his lamentation hear,
Nor see the horror, which his strength impairs,
On yon wide torrent, with no haven near ?
Never was mind, intent on worldly cares,
So eager wealth to gain, or loss to shun,
As, when acquainted with these deadly snares,

Venni quaggiù dal mio beato scanno,
Fidandomi nel tuo parlare onesto,
Ch' onora te, e quei, ch'udito l'hanno.
Poscia che m'ebbe ragionato questo,
Gli occhi lucenti, lagrimando, volse :
Perchè mi fece del venir più presto :
E venni à te così, com' ella volse :
Dinanzi a quella fiera ti levai,
Che del bel monte il corto andar ti tolse.
Dunque che è ? perchè, perchè ristai ?
Perchè tanta viltà nel cuore allette ?
Perchè ardire e franchezza non hai ?
Poscia che tai tre donne benedette
Curan di te, nella corte del Cielo,
E'l mio parlar tanto ben t'impromette ?
Quale i fioretti, dal notturno gielo,
Chinati e chiusi, poi che'l sol gl'imbianca,
Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo,
Tal mi fec' io, di mia virtute stanca :
E tanto buono ardire al cuor mi corse,
Ch'i' cominciai, come persona franca :
O pietosa colei, che mi soccorse,
E tu cortese, ch'ubbidisti tosto
Alle vere parole, che ti porse !
Tu m'hai con desiderio il cuor disposto
Sì al venir, con le parole tue,
Ch'i' son tornato nel primo proposto.

I flew from the blest confines of the sun,
Trusting that eloquence, which to thy name
And to thy followers such praise has won.
She having thus explain'd her gracious aim,
Turn'd her bright eyes, which tears of pity fill:
And hence more swift to thy relief I came;
And, pleas'd to execute her heavenly will,
I sav'd thee from the fury of that Beast,
Which barr'd thy journey up the brighter hill.
Why then, O why has all thy ardour ceas'd?
And whence this faintness in thy feeble mind?
Why has its noble energy decreas'd,
When these pure Spirits, for thy good combin'd,
Watch o'er thy safety in their heavenly seat,
And I reveal the favour thou shalt find?—
As tender flowers, reviv'd by solar heat,
That thro' the chilling night have sunk deprest,
Rise and unfold, the welcome ray to meet;
So rose my spirit, of new life posses't;
And, my warm heart on high achievements bent,
I thus my animating guide address't:
Gracious that Spirit who thy succour sent!
And friendly thou, who freely hast display'd
Thy zeal to execute her kind intent!
Thy soothing words have to my soul convey'd
Such keen desire to those bright realms to soar,
I scorn the terror that my step delay'd.

Or va, ch'un sol volere è d' amendue :
 Tu duca, tu signore, e tu maestro :
 Così li dissi : e poichè mosso fue,
 Entrai per lo cammino alto e silvestro.

C A N T O III.

“ **P** E R me si va nella città dolente :
 Per me si va nell' eterno dolore :
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
 Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto fattore :
 Fecemi la divina potestate,
 La somma sapienza, e 'l primo amore.
 Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
 Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro :
 Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate.” —
 Queste parole di colore oscuro
 Vid' io scritte al sommo d'una porta :
 Perch'io, Maestro, il senso lor m'è duro.
 Ed egli a me, come persona accorta,
 Qui si convien lasciare ogni sospetto :
 Ogni viltà convien, che qui sia morta.
 Noi sem venuti al luogo, ov' i' t'ho detto,
 Che tu vedrai le genti dolorose,
 Ch'hannoperduto 'l ben dello 'ntelletto.

E poichè

Now lead!—thy pleasure I dispute no more.

My lord, my master thou! and thou my guard!—

I ended here; and, while he march'd before,

The gloomy road I enter'd, deep and hard.

C A N T O III.

“THRO’ me you pass to Mourning’s dark domain;

Thro’ me, to scenes where Grief must ever pine;

Thro’ me, to Misery’s devoted train.

Justice and power in my Great Founder join,

And love and wisdom all his fabrics rear;

Wisdom above controul, and love divine!

Before me, Nature saw no works appear.

Save works eternal: such was I ordain’d.

Quit every hope, all ye who enter here!”—

These characters, where misty darkness reign’d,

High o’er a lofty gate I saw engrav’d.

Ah Sire! (said I) hard things are here contain’d.

He, sapient Guide! my farther question sav’d,

With spirit answering, “Here all doubt resign,

All weak distrust, and every thought deprav’d;

At length we’ve reach’d that gloomy drear confine,

Where, as I said, thou’lt see the mournful race

For ever robb’d of Reason’s light benign.”

E poichè la sua mano alla mia pose,
Con lieto volto, ond' i' mi confortai,
Mi mise dentro alle segrete cose.
Quivi sospiri, pianti, e alti guai
Risonavan, per l'aer senza stelle,
Perch' io al cominciar, ne lagrimai.
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle
Facevano un tumulto, il qual s'aggira
Sempre 'n quell' aria, senza tempo, tinta,
Come la rena quando 'l turbo spira.
Ed io, ch' avea d'error la testa cinta,
Dissi, Maestro, che è quel, ch' i' odo?
E che gent' è, che par nel duol sì vinta?
Ed egli a me: Questo misero modo
Tengon l' anime triste di coloro,
Che visser sanza infamia, e sanza lodo.
Mischiate sono a quel cattivo coro
Degli angeli, che non furon ribelli,
Nè fur fedeli a Dio, ma per se foro.
Cacciarli i ciel, per non esser men belli:
Nè lo profondo inferno gli riceve,
Ch' alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d'elli.
Ed io: Maestro, che è tanto greve
A lor, che lamentar gli fa sì forte?
Rispose: Dicerolti molto breve.

Then, stretching forth his hand with gentle grace,
 From whence new comfort thro' my bosom flows,
 He led me in to that mysterious place.

There sighs, and wailings, and severest woes,
 Deeply resounded through the starless air ;
 And as I first advanc'd, my fears arose.

Each different cry, the murmuring notes of care,
 Accents of misery, and words of ire,
 With all the sounds of discord and despair, -
 To form such tumult in this scene conspire,
 As flies for ever round the gloomy waste,
 Like sand when quicken'd by the whirlwind's fire.

I then (my mind with error still disgrac'd)
 Exclaim'd—O Sire ! what may this trouble mean ?

What forms are these by sorrow so debas'd ?—
 He soon reply'd—Behold, these bounds between,
 All who without or infamy or fame

Clos'd the blank business of their mortal scene !
 They join those angels, of ignoble name,
 Who not rebell'd, yet were not faithful found ;
 Without attachment ! self alone their aim !
 Heaven shuts them out from its un sullied bound ;
 And Hell refuses to admit this train,
 Lest e'en the damn'd o'er these their triumphs found.

O Sire ! (said I) whence then this grievous pain,
 That on our ears their lamentations grate ?—
 This (he reply'd) I will in brief explain :

These

Questi non hanno speranza di morte:
E la lor cieca vita è tanto bassa,
Che 'nvidiosi son d'ogni altra sorte.
Fama di loro il mondo esser non lascia:
Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna.
Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda, e passa.
Ed io, che riguardai, vidi una insegna,
Che, girando, correva tanto ratta,
Che d'ogni posa mi pareva indegna:
E dietro le venia sì lunga tratta
Di gente, ch' i' non avrei mai creduto,
Che morte tanta n' avesse disfatta.
Pocia ch' io v'ebbi alcun riconosciuto,
Guardai, e vidi l'ombra di colui,
Che fece, per viltate, il gran rifiuto.
Incontanente intese, e certo fui,
Che quest' era la setta de' cattivi
A Dio spiacenti, ed a' nemici sui.
Questi sciaurati, che mai non fur vivi,
Erano ignudi, e stimolati molto
Da mosconi, e da vespe, ch'erano ivi.
Elle rigavan lor di fangue il volto,
Che mischiato di lagrime, a' lor piedi,
Da fastidiosi vermi era ricolto.
E poi, ch'a riguardare oltre mi diedi,
Vidi gente alla riva d'un gran fiume;
Perch' i' dissi: Maestro, or mi concedi,

Ch'io

These have no hope that death may mend their fate;
And their blind days form so confus'd a mass,
They pine with envy of each other's state:
From earth their name has perish'd like the grass;
E'en Mercy views them with a scornful eye.
We'll speak of them no more: Behold! and pass!—
I look'd, and saw a banner rais'd on high,
That whirl'd, unconscious of a moment's stand,
With rapid circles in the troubled sky:
Behind it, driven by Fate's supreme command,
Came such a host! I ne'er could have believ'd
Death had collected so complete a band.
When now I had the forms of all perceiv'd,
I saw the shade of that ignoble priest,
Of sovereign power by indolence bereav'd.
Instant I knew, from every doubt releas'd,
These were the base, the miscreated crew
To whom the hate of God had never ceas'd.
Vile forms! ne'er honor'd with existence true!
Naked they march'd, and sorely were they stung
By wasps and hornets, that around them flew;
These the black blood from their gall'd faces wrung;
Blood mixt with tears, that, trickling to their feet,
Fed the fastidious worms which round them clung.
When now I farther pierc'd the dark retreat,
Numbers I saw beside a mighty stream:
Sudden I cry'd—Now, Sire, let me entreat

Ch'io sappia, quali sono, e qual costume
Le fa parer di trapassar sì pronte,
Com'io discerno per lo fioco lume.
Ed egli a me : Le cose ti fien conte,
Quando noi fermerem li nostri passi
Su la trista riviera d'Acheronte.
Allor con gli occhi vergognosi e bassi
Temendo, no 'l mio dir gli fusse grave,
Infino al fiume di parlar mi trassi.
Ed ecco verso noi venir, per nave,
Un vecchio bianco, per antico pelo,
Gridando, Guai à voi anime prave :
Non isperate mai veder lo cielo :
I' vegno, per menarvi all' altra riva
Nelle tenebre eterne, in caldo e'n gielo :
E tu, che se' costì, anima viva,
Partiti da cotesti, che son morti :
Ma poi ch' e' vide, ch' i' non mi partiva,
Disse : Per altre vie, per altri porti
Verrai a spiaggia, non qui, per passare :
Più lieve legno convien, che ti porti.
E'l duca a lui : Caron, non ti crucciare :
Vuolsi così colà, dove si puote
Ciò che si vuole, e più non dimandare.
Quinci fur quete le lanose gote
Al nocchier della livida palude,
Che 'ntorno agli occhi ave' di fiamme ruote.

To know what forms in distant prospect seem
 To pass so swiftly o'er a flood so wide,
 As I discern by this imperfect gleam? —
 That shalt thou know (return'd my gracious Guide)
 When the near respite from our toil we reach,
 On sullen Acheron's infernal tide. —
 With downcast eyes, that pardon now beseech,
 And hoping silence may that pardon win,
 E'en to the river I abstain'd from speech.
 And lo! towards us, with a shrivell'd skin,
 A hoary boatman steers his crazy bark,
 Exclaiming, "Woe to all ye sons of sin!
 Hope not for heaven, nor light's celestial spark!
 I come to waft you to a different lot;
 To Torture's realm, with endless horror dark :
 And thou, who living view'st this sacred spot,
 Hasten to depart from these, for these are dead!"
 But when he saw that I departed not,
 In wrath he cry'd, "Thro' other passes led,
 Not here, shalt thou attempt the farther shore;
 But in a bark to bear thy firmer tread." —
 O Charon, said my Guide, thy strife give o'er;
 For thus 'tis will'd in that superior scene
 Where will is power. Seek thou to know no more! —
 Now grew the bearded visage more serene
 Of the stern boatman on the livid lake,
 Whose eyes so lately glar'd with anger keen :

But

Ma quell' anime, ch' eran lasse e nude,
Cangiar colore, e dibattero i denti,
Ratto che 'nteser le parole crude.
Bestemmiavano Iddio, e i lor parenti,
L'umana spezie, il luogo, il tempo, e'l seme,
Di lor femenza, e di lor nascimenti.
Poi si ritrasser tutte quante insieme
Forte piangendo, alla riva malvagia,
Ch'attende ciascun'uom, che Dio non teme.
Caron dimonio, con occhi di bragia,
Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie:
Batte col remo, qualunque s'adagia.
Come d'Autunno si levan le foglie,
L'una appresso dell'altra, infin che 'l ramo
Rende alla terra tutte le sue spoglie;
Similmente il mal seme d'Adamo:
Gittansi di quel lito ad una ad una,
Per cenni, com'augel, per suo richiamo.
Così sen vanno su per l'onda bruna,
E avanti che sien di là discese,
Anche di qua nova schiera s'aduna.
Figliuol mio, disse il maestro cortese,
Quelli, che muojon nell'ira di Dio,
Tutti convegnon qui d'ogni paese:
E pronti sono al trapassar del rio,
Che la divina giustizia gli sprona,
Sì che la tema si volge in disio.

But all the naked shades began to quake ;
Their shuddering figures grew more pale than earth,
Soon as they heard the cruel words he spake :
God they blasphem'd, their parents' injur'd worth,
And all mankind ; the place, the hour, that saw
Their first formation, and their future birth.
Then were they driven, by Fate's resistless law,
Weeping, to that sad scene prepar'd for all
Who fear not God with pure devotion's awe.
Charon, with eyes of fire and words of gall,
Collects his crew, and high his oar he wields,
To strike the tardy wretch who flights his call.
As leaves in autumn thro' the woody fields
Fly in succession, when each trembling tree
Its ling'ring honors to the whirlwind yields ;
So this bad race, condemn'd by Heaven's decree,
Successive hasten from that river's side :
As birds, which at a call to bondage flee,
So are they wafted o'er the gloomy tide ;
And ere from thence their journey is begun,
A second crew awaits their hoary guide.—
My gracious Master kindly said—My son !
All those who in the wrath of God expire,
From every clime haste hither, one by one ;
Nor would their terrors from this stream retire,
Since heavenly justice so impels their mind,
That fear is quicken'd into keen desire.

Here

Quinci non passa mai anima buona :

E però se Caron di te si lagna,

Ben puoi saper omai, che'l suo dir suona.

Finito questo la buja campagna

Tremò sì forte, che dello spavento

La mente di sudore ancor mi bagna.

La terra lagrimosa diede vento,

Che balenò una luce vermiglia,

La qual mi vinse ciascun sentimento :

E caddi, come l' uom, cui sonno piglia.

N O T E V. V E R S E 127.

The gay Boccaccio tempts th' Italian Muse.] Boccaccio was almost utterly unknown to our country as a Poet, when two of our most accomplished Critics restored his poetical reputation.

Mr. Tyrwhitt, to whom Chaucer is as deeply indebted as a Poet can be to the judgment and erudition of his commentator, has given a sketch of Boccaccio's *Theseida*, in his introductory discourse to the *Canterbury Tales*; and Mr. War-ton has enriched the first volume of his *History of English Poetry* with a considerable specimen of this very rare Italian Epic poem, of which our country is said to possess but a single copy. — The father of Boccaccio was an Italian merchant, a native

Here may no spirit pass, to good inclin'd ;
 And hence, if Charon seem'd to thwart thy will,
 Hence wilt thou deem his purpose not unkind.—
 He paus'd ; and horrors of approaching ill
 Now made the mournful troop so stand aghast,
 Their fears yet strike me with a deadly chill !
 The groaning earth sent forth a hollow blast,
 And flash'd a fiery glare of gloomy red !
 The horrid scene my fainting power surpass :
 I fell, and, as in sleep, my senses fled.

tive of Certaldo, near Florence, who in his travels attached himself to a young woman of Paris ; and our Poet is supposed to have been the illegitimate offspring of that connection. He was born in 1313, and educated as a student of the canon law ; but a sight of Virgil's tomb, according to Filippo Villani, his most ancient Biographer, made him resolve to relinquish his more irksome pursuits, and devote himself entirely to the Muses. His life seems to have been divided between literature and love, as he was equally remarkable for an amorous disposition, and a passionate attachment to study. His most celebrated mistress was Mary of Arragon, the natural daughter of Robert, King of Naples, the generous and enthusiastic patron of Petrarch. To this lady, distinguished by the name

VOL. IV. F of

of *The Fiammetta*, Boccaccio addressed his capital poem, the *Theseida*; telling her, in an introductory letter, that it contained many allusions to the particular circumstances of their own secret attachment. In his latter days he retired to Certaldo, and died there in the year 1475, of a disorder supposed to have arisen from excessive application. Few authors have rendered more essential service to the republic of letters than Boccaccio, as he not only contributed very much to the improvement of his native language, but was particularly instrumental in promoting the revival of ancient learning: a merit which he shared with Petrarch. The tender and generous friendship which subsisted between these two engaging authors, reflects the highest honour on both; and their letters to each other may be ranked among the most interesting productions of that period. Boccaccio composed, according to Quadrio, no less than thirty-four volumes. His Novels are universally known: his Poetical Works are as follow: 1. *La Theseida* in *Ottava Rima*. 2. *L'Amorosa Visione* in *Terza Rima*. 3. *Il Filostrato* in *Ottava Rima*. 4. *Il Ninfale Fiesolano* in *Ottava Rima*.—He piqued himself on being the first Poet who sung of martial subjects in Italian verse; and he has been generally supposed the inventor of the *Ottava Rima*, the common Heroic measure

of the Italian Muse : but Quadrio has shewn that it was used by preceding writers ; and Pasquier, in his *Recherches*, has quoted two stanzas of Thibaud King of Navarre, written in the same measure, on Blanch queen of France, who died in 1252. The neglect into which the Poems of Boccacio had fallen appears the more striking, as he peculiarly prided himself on his poetical character ; informing the world, by an inscription on his tomb, that Poetry was his favourite pursuit—*Studium fuit alma Poësis*, are the last words of the epitaph which he composed for himself.

NOTE VI. VERSE 142.

She spoke exulting, and Trissino sung.] Giovanni Giorgio Trissino was born of a noble family in Vicenza, 1478 : he was particularly distinguished by a passion for Poetry and Architecture ; and one of the very few Poets who have been rich enough to build a palace. This he is said to have done from a design of his own, under the direction of the celebrated Palladio. He had the merit of writing the first regular tragedy in the Italian language, entitled *Sophonisba* ; but in his Epic poem he is generally allowed to have failed, though some learned Critics (and Gravina amongst them) have

endeavoured to support the credit of that performance. His subject was the expulsion of the Goths from Italy by Belisarius; and his poem consists of twenty-seven books, in blank verse. He addressed it to the Emperor Charles the Vth; and professes in his Dedication to have taken Aristotle for his preceptor, and Homer for his guide.

The reader will excuse a trifling anachronism, in my naming Trissino before Ariosto, for poetical reasons. The *Italia Liberata* of the former was first published in 1548; the *Orlando Furioso*, in 1515. Trissino died at Rome, 1550; Ariosto at Ferrara, 1533.

NOTE VII. VERSE 194.

Of a poetic Sire the more poetic Son.] The reputation of Torquato Tasso has almost eclipsed that of his father Bernardo, who was himself a considerable Poet, and left two productions of the Epic kind, *L'Amadigi*, and *Il Floridante*: the latter remained unfinished at his death, but was afterwards published in its imperfect state by his son; who has spoken of his father's poetry with filial regard, in his different critical works. The *Amadigi* was written at the request of several Spanish Grandees,

Grandeas, in the court of Charles the Vth, and first printed in Venice by Giolito, 1560. The curious reader may find an entertaining account of the Author's ideas in composing this work, among his Letters, volume the first, page 198. I cannot help remarking, that the letter referred to contains a simile which Torquato has introduced in the opening of his *Jerusalem Delivered*.

The Italians have formed a very pleasing and valuable work, by collecting the letters of their eminent Painters; which contain much information on points relating to their art. The letters of their Poets, if properly selected, might also form a few interesting volumes: as a proof of this, I shall insert a short letter of the younger Tasso, because it seems to have escaped the notice of his Biographers, and relates the remarkable circumstance of his having deliberated on five different subjects before he decided in favour of Goffredo;

Al M. Illustr. Sig. Conte Ferrante Estense
Tassone.

Io ho scritto questa mattina a V. S. che io desidero di far due Poemi a mio gusto; e sebben per elezione non cambierei il soggetto che una volta presi; nondimeno per soddisfar il signor principe

gli do l' elezione di tutti questi soggetti, i quali mi pajono sovra gli altri atti a ricever la forma eroica.

Espedizion di Goffredo, e degli altri principi contra gl' Infedeli, e ritorno. Dove avrò occasione di lodar le famiglie d' Europa, che io vorrò.

Espedizion di Belisario contra i Goti.

Di Narfete contra i Goti, e discorro d' un principe. E in questi avrei grandissima occasione di lodar le cose di Spagna e d' Italia e di Grecia e l' origine di casa d' Austria.

Espedizion di Carlo il magno contra Lanfoni.

Espedizion di Carlo contra i Longobardi. In questi troverei l' origine di tutte le famiglie grandi di Germania, di Francia, e d' Italia, e 'l ritorno d' un principe.

E sebben alcuni di questi soggetti sono stati presi, non importa; perche io cercherei di trattargli meglio, e a giudizio d' Aristotele.

Opere di Torquato Tasso, tom. ix. p. 240.

This letter is the more worthy of notice, as the subject on which Tasso fixed has been called by Voltaire, and perhaps very justly, *Le plus grand qu'on ait jamais choisi*. Le Tasse l'a traité dignement, adds the lively Critic, with unusual candour;

dour ; yet in his subsequent remarks he is peculiarly severe on the magic of the Italian Poet. The merits of Tasso are very ably defended against the injustice of French criticism, and particularly that of Boileau and Voltaire, in the well-known Letters on Chivalry and Romance. Indeed the genius of this injured Poet seems at length to triumph in the country where he was most insulted, as the French have lately attempted a poetical version of his Jerusalem.

I enter not into the history of Tasso, or that of his rival Ariosto, because the public has lately received from Mr. Hoole a judicious account of their lives, prefixed to his elegant versions of their respective Poems.

NOTE VIII. VERSE 197.

Shall gay Tassoni want his festive crown.] Alessandro Tassoni, the supposed inventor of the modern Heroi-comic Poetry, was born at Modena, 1565. His family was noble ; but his parents dying during his infancy, left him exposed to vexatious law-suits, which absorbed a great part of his patrimony, and rendered him dependant. In 1599 he was engaged as Secretary to Cardinal Ascanio

Colonna, whom he attended on an embassy into Spain. He was occasionally dispatched into Italy on the service of that Prelate, and in the course of one of these expeditions wrote his Observations on Petrarch. In 1605 he is supposed to have quitted the service of the Cardinal, and to have lived in a state of freedom at Rome, where, in 1607, he became the chief of a literary society, intitled *Accademia degli Umoristi*. He was afterwards employed in the service of Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy; which, after suffering many vexations in it, he quitted with a design of devoting himself to study and retirement. But this design he was induced to relinquish, and to serve the Cardinal Lodovisio, nephew of Pope Gregory XV. from whom he received a considerable stipend. On the death of this patron, in 1632, he was recalled to his native city by Francis the First, Duke of Modena, and obtained an honourable establishment in the court of that Prince. Age had now rendered him unable to enjoy his good fortune: his health declined in the year of his return, and he expired in April 1635. His genius was particularly disposed to lively satire; and the incidents of his life had a tendency to increase that disposition. After having passed many vexatious and unprofitable years in
the

the service of the Great, he had his portrait painted, with a fig in his hand; and Muratori supposes him to have written these two lines on the occasion :

Dextera cur ficum, quæris, mea gestet inanem :

Longi operis merces hæc fuit ; aula dedit.

His celebrated Poem, *La Secchia rapita*, was written, as he has himself declared, in 1611; begun in April, and finished in October. It was circulated in MS. received with the utmost avidity, and first printed at Paris 1622. In a catalogue of the numerous editions of the *Secchia*, which Muratori has prefixed to his *Life of Tassoni*, he includes an English translation of it, printed 1715.

NOTE IX. VERSE 209.

And rashly judges that her Vega's lyre.] The famous Lope de Vega, frequently called the Shakespeare of Spain, is perhaps the most fertile Poet in the annals of Parnassus; and it would be difficult to name any author, ancient or modern, so universally idolized while living by all ranks of people, and so magnificently rewarded by the liberality of the Great. He was the son of Felix de Vega and Francisca Fernandez, who were both descended from honourable

able families, and lived in the neighbourhood of Madrid. Our Poet was born in that city, on the 25th of November 1562. He was, according to his own expression, a Poet from his cradle; and, beginning to make verses before he had learned to write, he used to bribe his elder school-fellows with a part of his breakfast, to commit to paper the lines he had composed. Having lost his father while he was still a child, he engaged in a frolic, very natural to a lively boy, and wandered with another lad to various parts of Spain, till, having spent their money, and being conducted before a magistrate at Segovia, for offering to sell a few trinkets, they were sent home again to Madrid. Soon after this adventure, our young Poet was taken under the protection of Geronimo Manrique, Bishop of Avila, and began to distinguish himself by his dramatic compositions, which were received with great applause by the public, though their author had not yet completed his education; for, after this period, he became a member of the university of Alcala, where he devoted himself for four years to the study of philosophy. He was then engaged as Secretary to the Duke of Alva, and wrote his *Arcadia* in compliment to that patron; who is frequently mentioned in his *Occasional Poems*. He quitted that employment on his marriage with Isabel de Urbina,

Urbina, a lady (says his friend and biographer Perez de Montalvan) beautiful without artifice, and virtuous without affectation. His domestic happiness was soon interrupted by a painful incident:— Having written some lively verses in ridicule of a person who had taken some injurious freedom with his character, he received a challenge in consequence of his wit; and happening, in the duel which ensued, to give his adversary a dangerous wound, he was obliged to fly from his family, and shelter himself in Valencia. He resided there a considerable time; but connubial affection recalled him to Madrid. His wife died in the year of his return. His affliction on this event led him to relinquish his favourite studies, and embark on board the Armada which was then preparing for the invasion of England. He had a brother who served in that fleet as a lieutenant; and being shot in an engagement with some Dutch vessels, his virtues were celebrated by our afflicted Poet, whose heart was peculiarly alive to every generous affection. After the ill success of the Armada, the disconsolate Lope de Vega returned to Madrid, and became Secretary to the Marquis of Malpica, to whom he has addressed a grateful Sonnet. From the service of this Patron he passed into the household of the Count of Lemos, whom he celebrates as an inimitable

mitable Poet. He was once more induced to quit his attendance on the Great, for the more inviting comforts of a married life. His second choice was Juana de Guardio, of noble birth and singular beauty. By this lady he had two children; a son, who died in his infancy, and a daughter, named Feliciana, who survived her father. The death of his little boy is said to have hastened that of his wife, whom he had the misfortune to lose in about seven years after his marriage. Having now experienced the precariousness of all human enjoyments, he devoted himself to a religious life, and fulfilled all the duties of it with the most exemplary piety; still continuing to produce an astonishing variety of poetical compositions. His talents and his virtues procured him many unsolicited honours. Pope Urban the VIIIth sent him the Cross of Malta, with the title of Doctor in Divinity, and appointed him to a place of profit in the Apostolic Chamber; favours for which he expressed his gratitude by dedicating his *Corona Tragica* (a long poem on the fate of Mary Queen of Scots) to that liberal Pontiff. In his seventy-third year he felt the approaches of death, and prepared himself for it with the utmost composure and devotion. His last hours were attended by many of his intimate friends, and particularly his chief patron the Duke of Sessa, whom
he

he made his executor ; leaving him the care of his daughter Feliciana, and of his various manuscripts. The manner in which he took leave of those he loved was most tender and affecting. He said to his Disciple and Biographer, Montalvan, That true fame consisted in being good ; and that he would willingly exchange all the applauses he had received, to add a single deed of virtue to the actions of his life. Having given his dying benediction to his daughter, and performed the last ceremonies of his religion, he expired on the 25th of August 1635.

The splendor of his funeral was equal to the respect paid to him while living.—His magnificent patron, the Duke of Sessa, invited the chief nobility of the kingdom to attend it. The ceremony was prolonged through the course of several days ; and three sermons in honour of the deceased were delivered by three of the most celebrated preachers. These are printed with the works of the Poet, and may be considered as curious specimens of the false eloquence which prevailed at that time. A volume of encomiastic verses, chiefly Spanish, and written by more than a hundred and fifty of the most distinguished characters in Spain, was published soon after the death of this lamented Bard. To this collection his friend and disciple Perez de Montalvan

Montalvan prefixed a circumstantial account of his life and death, which I have chiefly followed in the preceding narrative. An ingenious Traveller, who has lately published a pleasing volume of Letters on the Poetry of Spain, has imputed the duel, in which Lope de Vega was engaged, to the gallantries of his first wife ; but Montalvan's relation of that adventure clears the honor of the lady, whose innocence is still farther supported by a poem written in her praise by Pedro de Medina Medinilla : it is printed in the works of our Poet, who is introduced in it, under the name of Belardo, celebrating the excellencies and lamenting the loss of his departed Ifabel.

Of the person and manners of Lope de Vega, his friend Montalvan has only given this general account :—that his frame of body was particularly strong, and preserved by temperance in continued health ;—that in conversation he was mild and unassuming ; courteous to all, and to women peculiarly gallant ;—very eager when engaged in the business of his friends, and somewhat careless in the management of his own. Of his wealth and charity I shall have occasion to speak in a subsequent note. The chief expences in which he indulged himself were books and pictures ; of the latter, he distributed a few as legacies to his intimate friends :
to

to the Duke of Sessa, a fine portrait of himself; and to me, says Montalvan, another, painted when he was young, furrounded by dogs, monkies, and other monsters, and writing in the midst of them, without attending to their noise.—Of the honours paid to this extraordinary Poet, his Biographer asserts that no person of eminence visited Spain without seeking his personal acquaintance; that men yielded him precedence when they met him in the streets, and women saluted him with benedictions when he passed under their windows. If such homage can be deserved by the most unwearied application to poetry, Lope de Vega was certainly entitled to it. He declared that he constantly wrote five sheets a day; and his biographers, who have formed a calculation from this account, conclude the number of his verses to be no less than 21,316,000. His country has very lately published an elegant edition of his poems in 19 quarto volumes; his dramatic works are to be added to this collection, and will probably be still more voluminous. I shall speak only of the former.—Among his poems there are several of the Epic kind; the three following appear to me the most remarkable. 1. *La Dragontea*. 2. *La Hermosura de Angelica*. 3. *La Jerusalem Conquistada*. The *Dragontea* consists of ten cantos, on the last expedition and

and death of our great naval hero Sir Francis Drake, whom the Poet, from his excessive partiality to his country, considers as an avaricious pirate, or rather, as he chuses to call him, a marine Dragon : and it may be sufficient to observe that he has treated him accordingly. The poem on Angelica seems to have been written in emulation of Ariosto, and it is founded on a hint in that Poet : it was composed in the early part of our Author's life, and contains many compliments to his sovereign Philip the II^d : it consists of 20 cantos, and closes with Angelica's being restored to her beloved Medoro. In his Jerusalem Conquistada he enters the lists with Tasso, whom he mentions in his preface as having sung the first part of the history which he had chosen for his subject. From the great name of Lope de Vega, I had some thoughts of presenting to the reader a sketch of this his most remarkable poem ; but as an Epic Poet he appears to me so much inferior to Tasso, and to his countryman and cotemporary Ercilla, that I am unwilling to swell these extensive notes by an enlarged description of so unsuccessful a work : the Author has prophesied, in the close of it, that, although neglected by his own age, it would be esteemed by futurity :—a singular proof that even the most favoured writers are frequently disposed to declaim against the period in which they live.

live. If Lope de Vega could think himself neglected, what Poet may ever expect to be satisfied with popular applause?—But to return to his *Jerusalem Conquistada*. Richard the Second of England, and Alphonso the Eighth of Castile, are the chief heroes of the poem; which contains twenty cantos, and closes with the unfortunate return of these confederate Kings, and the death of Saladin. It was first printed 1609, more than twenty years after the first appearance of Tasso's *Jerusalem*.—One of the most amiable peculiarities in the character of Lope de Vega, is the extreme liberality with which he commends the merit of his rivals. In his *Laurel de Apolo*, he celebrates all the eminent Spanish and Portuguese Poets; he speaks both of Camoens and Ercilla with the warmest applause. Among the most pleasing passages in this poem, is a compliment which he pays to his father, who was, like the father of Tasso, a Poet of considerable talents.

Among the smaller pieces of Lope de Vega, there are two particularly curious: a descriptive poem on the garden of his patron the Duke of Alva; and a sonnet in honour of the Invincible Armada. The latter may be considered as a complete model of Spanish bombast: “Go forth and burn the world,” says the Poet, addressing himself to that

VOL. IV. G mighty

mighty fleet; “ my sighs will furnish your sails with a never-failing wind; and my breast will supply your cannon with inexhaustible fire.”—— Perhaps this may be equalled by a Spanish character of our Poet, with which I shall close my imperfect account of him. It is his friend and biographer Montalvan, who, in the opening of his life, bestows on him the following titles: El Doctor Frey Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, Portento del Orbe, Gloria de la Nacion, Lustre de la Patria, Oracula de la Lengua, Centro de la Fama, Assumpio de la Invidia, Cuydado de la Fortuna, Fenix de los Siglos, Principe de los Versos, Orfeo de las Ciencias, Apolo de las Musas, Horacio de los Poetas, Virgilio de los Epicos, Homero de los Heroycos, Pindaro de los Lyricos, Sofocles de los Tragicos, y Terencio de los Comicos, Unico entre los Mayores, Mayor entre los Grandes, y Grande a todas Luzes, y en todas Materias.

NOTE X. VERSE 239.

*The brave Ercilla sounds, with potent breath,
His Epic trumpet in the fields of death.]* Don Alonzo de Ercilla y Zuniga was equally distinguished as a Hero and a Poet; but this exalted character, notwithstanding his double claim to our regard,

regard, is almost totally unknown in our country; and I shall therefore endeavour to give the English reader the best idea that I can, both of his gallant life, and of his singular poem.—He was born in Madrid, on the 7th of August 1533, the third son of Fortun Garcia de Ercilla, who, tho' descended from a noble family, pursued the profession of the law, and was so remarkable for his talents, that he acquired the appellation of “The subtle Spaniard.” The mother of our Poet was also noble, and from her he inherited his second title, Zuniga: Ercilla was the name of an ancient castle in Biscay, which had been long in the possession of his paternal ancestors. He lost his father while he was yet an infant; a circumstance which had great influence on his future life: for his mother was received, after the decease of her husband, into the household of the Empress Isabella, the wife of Charles the Vth, and had thus an early opportunity of introducing our young Alonzo into the palace. He soon obtained an appointment there, in the character of page to the Infant Don Philip, to whose service he devoted himself with the most heroic enthusiasm, though Philip was a master who little deserved so generous an attachment. At the age of fourteen, he attended that Prince in the splendid progress which he made, at the desire of his Imperial father,

through the principal cities of the Netherlands, and through parts of Italy and Germany. This singular expedition is very circumstantially recorded in a folio volume, by a Spanish historian named Juan Christoval Calvete de Estrella, whose work affords a very curious and striking picture of the manners and ceremonies of that martial and romantic age. All the cities which were visited by the Prince contended with each other in magnificent festivity: the brilliant series of literary and warlike pageants which they exhibited, though they answered not their design of conciliating the affection of the sullen Philip, might probably awaken the genius of our youthful Poet, and excite his ambition to acquire both poetical and military fame. In 1551, he returned with the Prince into Spain, and continued there for three years; at the end of which he attended his royal master to England, on his marriage with Queen Mary, which was celebrated at Winchester in the summer of 1554. At this period Ercilla first assumed the military character; for his sovereign received advice, during his residence at London, that the martial natives of Arauco, a district on the coast of Chile, had revolted from the Spanish government; and dispatched an experienced officer, named Alderete, who attended him in England, to subdue the

the insurrection, investing him with the command of the rebellious province. Ercilla embarked with Alderete ; but that officer dying in his passage, our Poet proceeded to Limá. Don Hurtado de Mendoza, who commanded there as Viceroy of Peru, appointed his son Don Garcia to supply the place of Alderete, and sent him with a considerable force to oppose the Araucanians. Ercilla was engaged in this enterprize, and greatly distinguished himself in the obstinate contest which ensued. The noble character of the Barbarians who maintained this unequal struggle, and the many splendid feats of valour which this scene afforded, led our author to the singular design of making the war, in which he was himself engaged, the subject of an Heroic poem ; which he intitled “ La Araucana,” from the name of the country. As many of his own particular adventures may be found in the following summary of his work, I shall not here enlarge on his military exploits ; but proceed to one of the most mortifying events of his life, which he briefly mentions in the conclusion of his poem. After passing with great honour through many and various perils, he was on the point of suffering a disgraceful death, from the rash orders of his young and inconsiderate Commander. On his return, from an expedition of adventure and discovery, to

the Spanish city of Imperial, he was present at a scene of public festivity displayed there, to celebrate the accession of Philip the II^d to the crown of Spain. At a kind of tournament, there arose an idle dispute between Ercilla and Don Juan de Pineda, in the heat of which the two disputants drew their swords; many of the spectators joined in the broil; and a report arising that the quarrel was a mere pretence, to conceal some mutinous design, the hasty Don Garcia, their General, committed the two antagonists to prison, and sentenced them both to be publicly beheaded. Ercilla himself declares, he was conducted to the scaffold before his precipitate judge discovered the iniquity of the sentence; but his innocence appeared just time enough to save him; and he seems to have been fully reinstated in the good opinion of Don Garcia, as, among the complimentary sonnets addressed to Ercilla, there is one which bears the name of his General, in which he styles him the Divine Alonzo, and celebrates both his military and poetical genius. But Ercilla seems to have been deeply wounded by this affront; for, quitting Chile, he went to Callao, the port of Lima, and there embarked on an expedition against a Spanish rebel, named Lope de Aguirre, who, having murdered his captain, and usurped the chief power, was perpetrating the most
cruel

cruel enormities in the settlement of Venezuela. But Ercilla learned, on his arrival at Panama, that this barbarous usurper was destroyed; he therefore resolved, as his health was much impaired by the hardships he had passed, to return to Spain. He arrived there in the twenty-ninth year of his age; but soon left it, and travelled, as he himself informs us, through France, Italy, Germany, Silesia, Moravia, and Pannonia; but the particulars of this expedition are unknown. In the year 1570 he appeared again at Madrid, and was married to Maria Bazan, a lady whom he contrives to celebrate in the course of his military poem. He is said to have been afterwards gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Emperor Rodolph the II^d, a prince who had been educated at Madrid: but the connection of our Poet with this Monarch is very indistinctly recorded; and indeed all the latter part of his life is little known. In the year 1580 he resided at Madrid, in a state of retirement and poverty. The time and circumstances of his death are uncertain: it is proved that he was living in the year 1596, by the evidence of a Spanish writer named Mosquera, who, in a treatise of military discipline, speaks of Ercilla as engaged at that time in celebrating the victories of Don Alvaro Bazan, Marques de Santa Cruz, in a poem which has never appeared, and is

supposed to have been left imperfect at his death. Some anecdotes related of our Poet afford us ground to hope that his various merits were not entirely unrewarded. It is said, that in speaking to his sovereign Philip, he was so overwhelmed by diffidence that language failed him: "Don Alonso!" replied the King, "speak to me in writing." He did so, and obtained his request.—The Spanish Historian Ovalle, who has written an account of Chile, in which he frequently supports his narration by the authority of Ercilla, affirms that our Poet presented his work to Philip with his own hand, and received a recompence from the King. But in this circumstance I fear the Historian was mistaken, as he supposes it to have happened on the return of Ercilla from Chile; and our Poet, in a distinct portion of his work, which was not published till many years after that period, expressly declares, in addressing himself to Philip, that all his attempts to serve him had been utterly unrequited. Ercilla left no legitimate family; but had some natural children, the most eminent of which was a daughter, who was advantageously married to a nobleman of Portugal.

In that elegant collection of Spanish Poets, "*Parnaso Espanol*," there is a pleasing little amorous poem, written by Ercilla in his youth,

which is peculiarly commended by Lope de Vega ; who has bestowed a very generous encomium on our Poet, in his "*Laurel de Apolo.*" But the great and singular work which has justly rendered Ercilla immortal, is his Poem intitl'd Araucana, which was published in three separate parts : the first appeared in 1577 ; he added the second in the succeeding year ; and in 1590 he printed a complete edition of the whole. It was applauded by the most eminent writers of Spain ; and Cervantes, in speaking of Don Quixote's Library, has ranked it among the choicest treasures of the Castilian Muse. Voltaire, who speaks of Ercilla with his usual spirit and inaccuracy, has the merit of having made our Poet more generally known, though his own acquaintance with him appears to have been extremely slight ; for he affirms that Ercilla was in the battle of Saint Quintin : a mistake into which he never could have fallen, had he read the Araucana. Indeed the undistinguishing censure which he passes on the poem in general, after commending one particular passage, sufficiently proves him a perfect stranger to many subsequent parts of the work ; yet his remark on the inequality of the Poet is just. Ercilla is certainly unequal ; but, with all his defects, he appears to me one of the most extraordinary

traordinary and engaging characters in the poetical world. Perhaps I am a little partial to him, from the accidental circumstance of having first read his poem with a departed friend, whose opinions are very dear to me, and who was particularly fond of this military Bard. However this may be, my idea of Ercilla's merit has led me to hazard the following extensive sketch of his work:—it has swelled to a much larger size than I at first intended; for I was continually tempted to extend it, by the desire of not injuring the peculiar excellencies of this wonderful Poet. If I have not utterly failed in that desire, the English reader will be enabled to judge and to enjoy an author, who, considering his subject and its execution, may be said to stand single and unparalleled in the host of Poets. His beauties and his defects are of so obvious a nature, that I shall not enlarge upon them; but let it be remembered, that his poem was composed amidst the toils and perils of the most fatiguing and hazardous service, and that his verses were sometimes written on scraps of leather, from the want of better materials. His style is remarkably pure and perspicuous; and, notwithstanding the restraint of rhyme, it has frequently all the ease, the spirit, and the volubility of Homer. I wish not, however,

ever, to conceal his defects ; and I have therefore given a very fair account of the strange episode he introduces concerning the history of Dido, which has justly fallen under the ridicule of Voltaire. I must however observe, as an apology for Ercilla, that many Bards of his country have considered it as a point of honour to defend the reputation of this injured lady, and to attack Virgil with a kind of poetical Quixotism for having slandered the chastity of so spotless a heroine. If my memory does not deceive me, both Lope de Vega and Quevedo have employed their pens as the champions of Dido. We may indeed very readily join the laugh of the lively Frenchman against our Poet on this occasion ; but let us recollect that Ercilla has infinitely more Homeric spirit, and that his poem contains more genuine Epic beauties, than can be found in Voltaire.

Ercilla has been honoured with many poetical encomiums by the writers of his own country ; and, as I believe the most elegant compliment which has been paid to his genius is the production of a Spanish lady, I shall close this account of him with a translation of the Sonnet, in which she celebrates both the Hero and the Poet.

SONETO

DE LA SEÑORA DOÑA LEONOR DE ICIZ,
SEÑORA DE LA BARONIA DE RAFALES
A DON ALONSO DE ERCILLA.

Mil bronce para estatuas ya forxados,
Mil lauros de tus obras premio honroso
Te ofrece España, Ercilla generoso,
Por tu pluma y tu lanza tan ganados.

Hourese tu valor entre soldados,
Invidie tu nobleza el valeroso,
Y busque en tí el poeta mas famoso
Lima para sus versos mas limados.

Derrame por el mundo tus loores
La fama, y eternice tu memoria,
Porque jamás el tiempo la consume.

Gocen ya, sin temor de que hay mayores
Tus hechos, y tus libros de igual gloria,
Pues la han ganado igual la espada y pluma.

S O N N E T

FROM THE LADY LEONORA DE ICIZ,
BARONESS OF RAFALES,
TO DON ALONZO DE ERCILLA.

Marble, that forms the Hero's mimic frame,
And laurels, that reward the Poet's strain,
Accept, Ercilla, from thy grateful Spain !
Thy sword and pen alike this tribute claim.
Our Warriors honour thy heroic name ;
Thy birth is envy'd by Ambition's train ;
Thy verses teach the Bard of happiest vein
A finer polish, and a nobler aim.
May glory round the world thy merit spread !
In Memory's volume may thy praises stand,
In characters that time shall ne'er destroy !
Thy songs, and thy exploits, without the dread
To be surpass'd by a superior hand,
With equal right their equal fame enjoy !

A SKETCH OF THE ARAUCANA.

THE Poem of Ercilla opens with the following exposition of his subject :

I Sing not love of ladies, nor of fights
 Devis'd for gentle dames by courteous knights ;
 Nor feasts, nor tourneys, nor that tender care
 Which prompts the Gallant to regale the Fair ;
 But the bold deeds of Valour's fav'rite train,
 Those undegenerate sons of warlike Spain,
 Who made Arauco their stern laws embrace,
 And bent beneath their yoke her untam'd race.
 Of tribes distinguish'd in the field I sing ;
 Of nations who disdain the name of King ;
 Courage, that danger only taught to grow,
 And challenge honour from a generous foe ;
 And persevering toils of purest fame,
 And feats that aggrandize the Spanish name :
 For the brave actions of the vanquish'd spread
 The brightest glory round the victor's head.

He then addresses his work to his sovereign, Philip the Second, and devotes his first Canto to the description of that part of the New World which forms the scene of his action, and is called Arauco ;
 a district

a district in the province of Chile. He paints the singular character and various customs of its warlike inhabitants with great clearness and spirit. In many points they bear a striking resemblance to the ancient Germans, as they are drawn with a kind of poetical energy by the strong pencil of Tacitus. The first Canto closes with a brief account how this martial province was subdued by a Spanish officer named Valdivia; with an intimation that his negligence in his new dominion gave birth to those important exploits which the Poet proposes to celebrate.

C A N T O II.

ERCILLA begins his Cantos much in the manner of Ariosto, with a moral reflection; sometimes rather too much dilated, but generally expressed in easy, elegant, and spirited verse.—The following lines faintly imitate the two first stanzas of his second Canto:

Many there are who, in this mortal strife,
 Have reach'd the slippery heights of splendid life:
 For Fortune's ready hand its succour lent;
 Smiling she rais'd them up the steep ascent,
To

To hurl them headlong from that lofty seat
To which she led their unsuspecting feet ;
E'en at the moment when all fears disperse,
And their proud fancy sees no sad reverse.
Little they think, beguil'd by fair success,
That Joy is but the herald of Distress :
The hasty wing of Time escapes their sight,
And those dark evils that attend his flight :
Vainly they dream, with gay presumption warm,
Fortune for them will take a steadier form ;
She, unconcern'd at what her victims feel,
Turns with her wonted haste her fatal wheel.

After blaming his countrymen for abusing their good fortune, the Poet celebrates, in the following spirited manner, the eagerness and indignation with which the Indians prepared to wreak their vengeance on their Spanish oppressors :

The Indians first, by novelty dismay'd,
As Gods rever'd us, and as Gods obey'd ;
But when they found we were of woman born,
Their homage turn'd to enmity and scorn :
Their childish error when our weakness show'd,
They blush'd at what their ignorance bestow'd ;
Fiercely they burnt with anger and with shame,
To see their masters but of mortal frame.

Disdaining

Disdaining cold and cowardly delay,
They seek atonement, on no distant day:
Prompt and resolv'd, in quick debate they join,
To form of deep revenge their dire design.
Impatient that their bold decree should spread,
And shake the world around with sudden dread,
Th' assembling Chieftains led so large a train,
Their ready host o'erspread th' extensive plain.
No summons now the soldier's heart requires;
The thirst of battle every breast inspires;
No pay, no promise of reward, they ask,
Keen to accomplish their spontaneous task;
And, by the force of one avenging blow,
Crush and annihilate their foreign foe.
Of some brave Chiefs, who to this council came,
Well may'st thou, Memory, preserve the name;
Tho' rude and savage, yet of noble soul,
Justly they claim their place on Glory's roll,
Who robbing Spain of many a gallant son,
In so confin'd a space such victories won;
Whose fame some living Spaniards yet may spread,
Too well attested by our warlike dead.

The Poet proceeds to mention, in the manner of Homer, but in a much shorter catalogue, the principal chieftains, and the number of their respective vassals.

Uncouthly as their names must sound to an English ear, it seems necessary to run through the list, as these free and noble-minded savages act so distinguished a part in the course of the poem.

—Tucapel stands first; renowned for the most inveterate enmity to the Christians, and leader of three thousand vassals: Angol, a valiant youth, attended by four thousand: Cayocupil, with three; and Millarapue, an elder chief, with five thousand: Paycabi, with three thousand; and Lemolemo, with six: Maregnano, Gualèmo, and Lebopia, with three thousand each: Elicura, distinguished by strength of body and detestation of servitude, with six thousand; and the ancient Colocolo with a superior number: Ongolmo, with four thousand; and Puren, with six; the fierce and gigantic Lincoya with a still larger train. Peteguelen, lord of the valley of Arauco, prevented from personal attendance by the Christians, dispatches six thousand of his retainers to the assembly: the most distinguished of his party are Thomè and Andalican. The Lord of the maritime province of Pilmayquen, the bold Caupolican, is also unable to appear at the opening of the council. Many other Chieftains attended, whose names the Poet suppresses, lest his prolixity should offend. As they begin their business in the style of the ancient
Germans,

Germans, with a plentiful banquet, they soon grow exasperated with liquor, and a violent quarrel ensues concerning the command of the forces for the projected war: an honour which almost every chieftain was arrogant enough to challenge for himself. In the midst of this turbulent debate, the ancient Colocolo delivers the following harangue, which Voltaire prefers (and I think with great justice) to the speech of Nestor, on a similar occasion, in the first Iliad :

Assembled Chiefs ! ye guardians of the land !
Think not I mourn from thirst of lost command,
To find your rival spirits thus pursue
A post of honour which I deem my due.
These marks of age, you see, such thoughts disown
In me, departing for the world unknown ;
But my warm love, which ye have long possess'd,
Now prompts that counsel which you'll find the best.
Why should we now for marks of glory jar ?
Why wish to spread our martial name afar ?
Crush'd as we are by Fortune's cruel stroke,
And bent beneath an ignominious yoke,
Ill can our minds such noble pride maintain,
While the fierce Spaniard holds our galling chain.
Your generous fury here ye vainly shew ;
Ah ! rather pour it on th' embattled foe !

What frenzy has your souls of sense bereav'd ?
 Ye rush to self-perdition, unperceiv'd.
 'Gainst your own vitals would ye lift those hands,
 Whose vigour ought to burst oppression's bands ?

If a desire of death this rage create,
 O die not yet in this disgraceful state !
 Turn your keen arms, and this indignant flame,
 Against the breast of those who sink your fame,
 Who made the world a witness of your shame. }
 Haste ye to cast these hated bonds away,
 In this the vigour of your souls display ;
 Nor blindly lavish, from your country's veins,
 Blood that may yet redeem her from her chains.

E'en while I thus lament, I still admire
 The fervor of your souls ; they give me fire :
 But justly trembling at their fatal bent,
 I dread some dire calamitous event ;
 Lest in your rage Dissention's frantic hand
 Should cut the sinews of our native land.
 If such its doom, my thread of being burst,
 And let your old compeer expire the first !
 Shall this shrunk frame, thus bow'd by age's weight,
 Live the weak witness of a nation's fate ?
 No : let some friendly sword, with kind relief,
 Forbid its sinking in that scene of grief.
 Happy whose eyes in timely darkness close,
 Say'd from that worst of sights, his country's woes !
 Yet,

Yet, while I can, I make your weal my care,
And for the public good my thoughts declare.

Equal ye are in courage and in worth ;
Heaven has assign'd to all an equal birth :
In wealth, in power, and majesty of soul,
Each Chief seems worthy of the world's controul.
These gracious gifts, not gratefully beheld,
To this dire strife your daring minds impell'd.

But on your generous valour I depend,
That all our country's woes will swiftly end.
A Leader still our present state demands,
To guide to vengeance our impatient bands ;
Fit for this hardy task that Chief I deem,
Who longest may sustain a massive beam :
Your rank is equal, let your force be try'd,
And for the strongest let his strength decide.

The Chieftains acquiesce in this proposal ;
which, as Voltaire justly observes, is very natural
in a nation of savages. The beam is produced,
and of a size so enormous, that the Poet declares
himself afraid to specify its weight. The first
Chieftains who engage in the trial support it on
their shoulders five and six hours each ; Tucapel
fourteen ; and Lincoya more than double that num-
ber ; when the assembly, considering his strength
as almost supernatural, is eager to bestow on him

the title of General : but in the moment he is exulting in this new honour, Caupolican arrives without attendants. His person and character are thus described by the Poet :

Tho' from his birth one darken'd eye he drew
(The viewless orb was of the granate's hue),
Nature, who partly robb'd him of his sight,
Repaid this failure by redoubled might.
'This noble youth was of the highest state ;
His actions honour'd, and his words of weight :
Prompt and resolv'd in every generous cause,
A friend to Justice and her sternest laws :
Fashion'd for sudden feats, or toils of length,
His limbs possess'd both suppleness and strength :
Dauntless his mind, determin'd and adroit
In every quick and hazardous exploit.

This accomplished Chieftain is received with great joy by the assembly ; and, having surpassed Lincoya by many degrees in the trial, is invested with the supreme command. He dispatches a small party to attack a neighbouring Spanish fort : they execute his orders, and make a vigorous assault. After a sharp conflict they are repulsed ; but in the moment of their retreat Caupolican arrives with his army to their support. The Spaniards in despair
evacuate

evacuate the fort, and make their escape in the night: the news is brought to Valdivia, the Spanish Commander in the city of Concepcion;—and with his resolution to punish the Barbarians the canto concludes.

CANTO III.

O CURELESS malady! Oh fatal pest!
 Embrac'd with ardour and with pride carest;
 Thou common vice, thou most contagious ill,
 Bane of the mind, and frenzy of the will!
 Thou foe to private and to public health;
 Thou dropfy of the soul, that thirsts for wealth,
 Infatiate Avarice!—'tis from thee we trace
 The various misery of our mortal race.

With this spirited and generous invective against that prevailing vice of his countrymen, which sullied the lustre of their most brilliant exploits, Ercilla opens his 3d canto. He does not scruple to assert, that the enmity of the Indians arose from the avaricious severity of their Spanish oppressors; and he accuses Valdivia on this head, though he gives him the praise of a brave and gallant officer.
 —This Spaniard, on the first intelligence of

the Indian insurrection, dispatched his scouts from the city where he commanded. They do not return. Pressed by the impatient gallantry of his troops, Valdivia marches out:—they soon discover the mangled heads of his messengers fixed up as a spectacle of terror on the road. Valdivia deliberates what measures to pursue. His army entreat him to continue his march. He consents, being piqued by their insinuations of his disgracing the Spanish arms. An Indian ally brings him an account that twenty thousand of the confederated Indians are waiting to destroy him in the valley of Tucapel. He still presses forward ; arrives in sight of the fort which the Indians had destroyed, and engages them in a most obstinate battle ; in the description of which, the Poet introduces an original and striking simile, in the following manner :

The steady pikemen of the savage band,
Waiting our hasty charge, in order stand ;
But when th' advancing Spaniard aim'd his stroke,
Their ranks, to form a hollow square, they broke ;
An easy passage to our troop they leave,
And deep within their lines their foes receive ;
Their files resuming then the ground they gave,
Bury the Christians in that closing grave.

As the keen Crocodile, who loves to lay
 His silent ambush for his finny prey,
 Hearing the scaly tribe with sportive sound
 Advance, and cast a muddy darkness round,
 Opens his mighty mouth, with caution, wide,
 And, when th' unwary fish within it glide,
 Closing with eager haste his hollow jaw,
 Thus satiates with their lives his rav'nous maw :
 So, in their toils, without one warning thought,
 The murd'rous foe our little squadron caught
 With quick destruction, in a fatal strife,
 From whence no Christian soldier 'scap'd with life.

Such was the fate of the advanced guard of the Spaniards. The Poet then describes the conflict of the main army with great spirit :—ten Spaniards distinguish themselves by signal acts of courage, but are all cut in pieces. The battle proceeds thus :

The hostile sword, now deeply dy'd in blood,
 Drench'd the wide field with many a sanguine flood ;
 Courage still grows to form the fierce attack,
 But wasted vigour makes the combat slack :
 No pause they seek, to gain exhausted breath,
 No rest, except the final rest of death :
 The wariest combatants now only try
 To snatch the sweets of vengeance ere they die.

The fierce disdain of death, and scorn of flight,
 Give to our scanty troop such wond'rous might,
 The Araucanian host begin to yield ;
 They quit with loss and shame the long-fought
 field :

They fly ; and their pursuers shake the plain
 With joyous shouts of Victory and Spain.
 But dire mischance, and Fate's resistless sway,
 Gave a strange issue to the dreadful day.

An Indian Youth, a noble Chieftain's son,
 Who as our friend his martial feats begun,
 Our Leader's Page, by him to battle train'd,
 Who now beside him the hard fight sustain'd,
 As he beheld his kindred Chiefs retire,
 Felt an indignant flash of Patriot fire ;
 And thus incited to a glorious stand
 The flying champions of his native land :

Misguided Country ! by vain fear possess'd,
 Ah whither dost thou turn thy timid breast ?
 Ye brave compatriots, shall your ancient fame
 Be vilely buried in this field of shame ?
 Those laws, those rights, ye gloried to defend,
 All perish, all, by this ignoble end !
 From Chiefs of dreaded power, and honour'd worth,
 Ye sink to abject slaves, the scorn of earth !
 To the pure founders of your boasted race
 Ye give the cureless wound of deep disgrace !

Behold

Behold the wasted vigor of your foe !
 See, bath'd in sweat and blood, their courfers blow !
 Lose not your mental force, your martial fires,
 Our best inheritance from generous fires ;
 Sink not the noble Araucanian name
 From glory's summit to the depths of shame ;
 Fly, fly the servitude your souls detest !
 To the keen sword oppose the dauntless breast.
 Why shew ye frames endued with manly power,
 Yet shrink from danger in the trying hour ?
 Fix in your minds the friendly truth I speak ;
 Vain are your fears, your terror blind and weak :
 Now make your names immortal ; now restore
 Freedom's lost blessings to your native shore :
 Now turn, while Fame and Victory invite,
 While prosp'rous Fortune calls you to the fight ;
 Or yet a moment cease, O cease to fly,
 And for our country learn of me to die !

As thus he speaks, his eager steps advance,
 And 'gainst the Spanish Chief he points his lance ;
 To lead his kindred fugitives from flight,
 Singly he dares to tempt th' unequal fight :
 Against our circling arms, that round him shine,
 Eager he darts amidst the thickest line,
 Keen as, when chaf'd by summer's fiery beam,
 The young Stag plunges in the cooling stream.

The Poet proceeds to relate the great agility and valour displayed by Lautaro, for such is the name of this gallant and patriotic Youth : and, as Ercilla has a soul sufficiently heroic to do full justice to the virtues of an enemy, he gives him the highest praise. Having mentioned on the occasion many heroes of ancient history, he exclaims :

Say, of these famous Chiefs can one exceed
Or match this young Barbarian's noble deed ?
Vict'ry for them, her purpose unexplor'd,
Tempted by equal chance their happy sword :
What risk, what peril, did they boldly meet,
Save where Ambition urg'd the splendid feat ;
Or mightier Int'rest fir'd the daring mind,
Which makes a Hero of the fearful Hind ?
Many there are who with a brave disdain
Face all the perils of the deathful plain,
Who, fir'd by hopes of glory, nobly dare,
Yet fail the stroke of adverse chance to bear ;
With animated fire their spirit shines,
Till the short splendor of their day declines ;
But all their valor, all their strength expires,
When fickle Fortune from their side retires.
This youthful Hero, when the die was cast,
War's dire decree against his country past,

Made

Made the stern Power the finish'd cause resume,
 And finally reverse the cruel doom :
 He, by his efforts in the dread debate,
 Forc'd the determin'd will of adverse Fate ;
 From shouting Triumph rush'd the palm to tear,
 And fix'd it on the brow of faint Despair.

Caupolican, leading his army back to the charge, in consequence of Lautaro's efforts in their favour, obtains a complete victory. The Spaniards are all slain in the field, except their Commander Valdivia, who flies, attended only by a priest ; but he is soon taken prisoner, and conducted before the Indian Chief, who is inclined to spare his life ; when an elder savage, called Leocato, in a sudden burst of indignation, kills him with his club.

All the people of Arauco assemble in a great plain to celebrate their victory : old and young, women and children, unite in the festival ; and the trees that surround the scene of their assembly are decorated with the heads and spoils of their slaughtered enemies.

They meditate the total extermination of the Spaniards from their country, and even a descent on Spain. The General makes a prudent speech to restrain their impetuosity ; and afterwards, be-
 stowing

flowing just applause on the brave exploit of the young Lautaro, appoints him his lieutenant. In the midst of the festivity, Caupolican receives advice that a party of fourteen Spanish horsemen had attacked some of his forces with great havoc. He dispatches Lautaro to oppose them.

C A N T O IV.

A PARTY of fourteen gallant Spaniards, who had set forth from the city of Imperial to join Valdivia, not being apprised of his unhappy fate, are surprised by the enemy where they expected to meet their Commander;—they defend themselves with great valor. They are informed by a friendly Indian of the fate of Valdivia. They attempt to retreat; but are surrounded by numbers of the Araucanians:—when the Poet introduces the following instance of Spanish heroism, which I insert as a curious stroke of their military character:

Here, cried a Spaniard, far unlike his race,
Nor shall his abject name my verse debase,
Marking his few associates march along,
O that our band were but a hundred strong!

The

The brave Gonfalo with disdain replied :
 Rather let two be sever'd from our side,
 Kind Heaven ! that Memory may our feats proclaim,
 And call our little troop The Twelve of Fame !

They continue to fight with great bravery against superior numbers, when Lautaro arrives with a fresh army against them. Still undaunted, they only resolve to sell their lives as dear as possible. Seven of them are cut to pieces.—In the midst of the slaughter a furious thunder and hail storm arises, by which incident the surviving seven escape. The tempest is described with the following original simile :

Now in the turbid air a stormy cloud
 Spreads its terrific shadow o'er the crowd ;
 'The gathering darkness hides the solar ray,
 And to th' affrighted earth denies the day ;
 The rushing winds, to which the forests yield,
 Rive the tall tree, and desolate the field :
 In drops distinct and rare now falls the rain ;
 And now with thickening fury beats the plain.
 As the bold master of the martial drum,
 Ere to the shock th' advancing armies come,
 In awful notes, that shake the heaven's high arch,
 Intrepid strikes the slow and solemn march ;

But,

But, when the charging heroes yield their breath,
Doubles the horrid harmony of death :
So the dark tempest, with increasing sound,
Pours the loud deluge on the echoing ground.

The few Spaniards that escape take refuge in a neighbouring fort ; which they abandon the following day on hearing the fate of Valdivia. Lautaro returns, and receives new honors and new forces from his General, to march against a Spanish army, which departs from the city of Penco under the command of Villagran, an experienced officer, to revenge the death of Valdivia. The departure of the troops from Penco is described, and the distress of the women. — Villagran marches with expedition towards the frontiers of Arauco. He arrives at a dangerous pass, and finds Lautaro, with his army of 10,100 Indians, advantageously posted on the heights, and waiting with great steadiness and discipline to give him battle.

CANTO V.

LAUTARO with great difficulty restrains the eager Indians in their post on the rock. He suffers a few to descend and skirmish on the lower ground, where several distinguish themselves in
single

single combat. The Spaniards attempt in vain to dislodge the army of Lautaro by an attack of their cavalry:—they afterwards fire on them from six pieces of cannon.

The vext air feels the thunder of the fight,
And smoke and flame involve the mountain's height;
Earth seems to open as the flames aspire,
And new volcano's spout destructive fire.

Lautaro saw no hopes of life allow'd,
Save by dispersing this terrific cloud,
That pours its lightning with so dire a shock,
Smiting his lessen'd host, who strew the rock;
And to the troop of Leucoton the brave
His quick command the skilful Leader gave:
He bids them fiercely to the charge descend,
And thus exhorts aloud each ardent friend:

My faithful partners in bright victory's meed,
Whom fortune summons to this noble deed,
Behold the hour when your prevailing might
Shall prove that Justice guards us in the fight!
Now firmly fix your lances in the rest,
And rush to honor o'er each hostile breast;
Through every bar your bloody passage force,
Nor let a brother's fall impede your course;
Be yon dread instruments of death your aim;
Possess of these you gain eternal fame:

The camp shall follow your triumphant trace,
And own you leaders in the glorious chace.

While these bold words their ardent zeal exalt,
They rush impetuous to the rash assault.

The Indians, undismayed by a dreadful slaughter, gain possession of the cannon.—Villagran makes a short but spirited harangue to his flying soldiers. He is unable to rally them: and, chusing rather to die than to survive so ignominious a defeat, rushes into the thickest of the enemy:—when the Poet, leaving his fate uncertain, concludes the canto.

CANTO VI.

THE valiant mind is privileg'd to feel
Superior to each turn of Fortune's wheel:
Chance has no power its value to debase,
Or brand it with the mark of deep disgrace:
So thought the noble Villagran, our Chief,
Who chose that death should end his present grief,
And smoothe the horrid path, with thorns o'erspread,
Which Destiny condemn'd his feet to tread.

With the preceding encomium on the spirit of this unfortunate officer the Poet opens his 6th Canto.

Canto. Thirteen of the most faithful soldiers of Villagran, perceiving their Leader fallen motionless under the fury of his enemies, make a desperate effort to preserve him.—Being placed again on his horse by these generous deliverers, he recovers from the blow which had stunned him; and by singular exertion, with the assistance of his spirited little troop, effects his escape, and rejoins his main army; whom he endeavours in vain to lead back against the triumphant Araucanians. The pursuit becomes general, and the Poet describes the horrid massacre committed by the Indians on all the unhappy fugitives that fell into their hands.—The Spaniards in their flight are stopt by a narrow pass fortified and guarded by a party of Indians. Villagran forces the rude entrenchment in person, and conducts part of his army safe through the pass; but many, attempting other roads over the mountainous country, are either lost among the precipices of the rocks, or pursued and killed by the Indians.

C A N T O VII.

THE remains of the Spanish army, after infinite loss and fatigue, at last reach the city of Concepcion.

Their entrance in these walls let fancy paint,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and with labor faint:
These gash'd with ghastly wounds, those writh'd
with pain,

And some their human semblance scarce retain ;
They seem unhappy spirits 'scap'd from hell,
Yet wanting voice their misery to tell.
Their pangs to all their rolling eyes express,
And silence most declares their deep distress.

When weariness and shame at length allow'd
Their tongues to satisfy th' enquiring crowd,
From the pale citizens, amaz'd to hear
A tale surpassing e'en their wildest fear,
One general sound of lamentation rose,
That deeply solemniz'd a nation's woes ;
The neighbouring mansions to their grief reply,
And every wall return'd the mournful cry.

The inhabitants of Concepcion, expecting every instant the triumphant Lautaro at their gates, resolve to abandon their city. A gallant veteran upbraids their cowardly design. They disregard his reproaches, and evacuate the place:—when the Poet introduces the following instance of female heroism :

'Tis just that Fame a noble deed display,
Which claims remembrance, even to the day
When

When Memory's hand no more the pen shall use,
 But sink in darkness, and her being lose :
 The lovely Mencia, an accomplish'd Dame,
 A valiant spirit in a tender frame,
 Here firmly shew'd, as this dread scene began,
 Courage now found not in the heart of man.
 The bed of sickness 'twas her chance to press ;
 But when she heard the city's loud distress,
 Snatching such weapons as the time allow'd,
 She rush'd indignant midst the flying crowd.

Now up the neighbouring hill they slowly wind,
 And, bending oft their mournful eyes behind,
 Cast a sad look, of every hope bereft,
 On those rich plains, the precious home they left.

More poignant grief see generous Mencia feel,
 More noble proof she gives of patriot zeal :
 Waving a sword in her heroic hand,
 In their tame march she stopt the timid band ;
 Cross'd the ascending road before their van,
 And, turning to the city, thus began :

Thou valiant nation, whose unequal'd toils
 Have dearly purchas'd fame and golden spoils,
 Where is the courage ye so oft display'd
 Against this foe, from whom ye shrink dismay'd ?
 Where those high hopes, and that aspiring flame,
 Which made immortal praise your constant aim ?

Where your firm souls, that every chance defied,
 And native strength, that form'd your noble pride?
 Ah whither would you fly, in selfish fear,
 In frantic haste, with no pursuer near?

How oft has censure to your hearts assign'd
 Ardor too keenly brave and rashly blind;
 Eager to dart amid the doubtful fray,
 Scorning the useful aid of wise delay?
 Have we not seen you with contempt oppose,
 And bend beneath your yoke unnumber'd foes;
 Attempt and execute designs so bold,
 Ye grew immortal as ye heard them told?

Turn! to your people turn a pitying eye,
 To whom your fears these happy seats deny!
 Turn! and survey this fair, this fertile land,
 Whose ready tribute waits your lordly hand;
 Survey its pregnant mines, its sands of gold;
 Survey the flock now wandering from its fold,
 Mark how it vainly seeks, in wild despair,
 The faithless shepherd, who forsakes his care.

E'en the dumb creatures, of domestic kind,
 Though not endow'd with man's discerning mind,
 Now shew the semblance of a reasoning soul,
 And in their masters misery condole:
 The stronger animals, of sterner heart,
 Take in this public woe a feeling part;

Their

Their plaintive roar, that speaks their sense aright,
Justly upbraids your ignominious flight.

Ye fly from quiet, opulence, and fame,
Purchas'd by valor, your acknowledg'd claim;
From these ye fly, to seek a foreign seat,
Where dastard fugitives no welcome meet.
How deep the shame, an abject life to spend
In poor dependance on a pitying friend!
Turn! let the brave their only choice await,
Or honourable life, or instant fate.

Return! return! O quit this path of shame!
Stain not by fear your yet un sullied name;
Myself I offer, if our foes advance,
To rush the foremost on the hostile lance;
My actions then shall with my words agree,
And what a woman dares your eyes shall see.
Return! return! she cried; but cried in vain;
Her fire seem'd frenzy to the coward train.

The dastardly inhabitants of the city, unmoved by this remonstrance of the noble Donna Mencía de Nidos, continue their precipitate flight, and, after twelve days of confusion and fatigue, reach the city of Santiago, in the valley of Mapocho. Lautaro arrives in the mean time before the walls they had deserted:—and the Poet concludes his canto with a spirited description of the barbaric

fury with which the Indians entered the abandoned city, and destroyed by fire the rich and magnificent mansions of their Spanish oppressors.

C A N T O VIII.

LAUTARO is recalled from his victorious exploits, to assist at a general assembly of the Indians, in the valley of Arauco. The different Chieftains deliver their various sentiments concerning the war, after their Leader Caupolican has declared his design to pursue the Spaniards with unceasing vengeance. The veteran Colocolo proposes a plan for their military operations. An ancient Augur, named Puchecalco, denounces ruin on all the projects of his countrymen, in the name of the Indian Dæmon Eponamon. He recites the omens of their destruction. The fierce Tucapel, provoked to frenzy by this gloomy prophet, strikes him dead in the midst of his harangue, by a sudden blow of his mace. Caupolican orders the murderous Chieftain to be led to instant death. He defends himself with success against numbers who attempt to seize him. Lautaro, pleased by this exertion of his wonderful force and valour, intreats the General to forgive what had passed; and, at
his

his intercession, Tucapel is received into favour. Lautaro then closes the business of the assembly, by recommending the plan proposed by Colocolo, and intreating that he may himself be entrusted with a detached party of five hundred Indians, with which he engages to reduce the city of Santiago. His proposal is accepted. The Chieftains, having finished their debate, declare their resolutions to their people ; and, after their usual festivity, Caupolican, with the main army, proceeds to attack the city of Imperial.

CANTO IX.

THE Poet opens this Canto with an apology for a miracle, which he thinks it necessary to relate, as it was attested by the whole Indian army ; and, though it does not afford him any very uncommon or sublime imagery, he embellishes the wonder he describes, by his easy and spirited versification, of which the following lines are an imperfect copy :

When to the city's weak defenceless wall
Its foes were rushing, at their trumpet's call,
The air grew troubled with portentous sound,
And mournful omens multiplied around ;

With

With furious shock the elements engage,
And all the winds contend in all their rage.

From clashing clouds their mingled torrents gush,
And rain and hail with rival fury rush.

Bolts of loud thunder, floods of lightning rend
The opening skies, and into earth descend.

O'er the vast army equal terrors spread ;
No mind escapes the universal dread ;
No breast, tho' arm'd with adamantinè power,
Holds its firm vigor in this horrid hour ;
For now the fierce Eponamon appears,
And in a Dragon's form augments their fears ;
Involving flames around the Dæmon swell,
Who speaks his mandate in a hideous yell :
He bids his votaries with haste invest
The trembling city, by despair deprest.

Where'er th' invading squadrons force their way,
He promises their arms an easy prey.

Spare not (he cry'd) in the relentless strife,
One Spanish battlement, one Christian life !
He spoke, and, while the host his will adore,
Melts into vapour, and is seen no more.

Quick as he vanish'd Nature's struggles cease ;
The troubled elements are sooth'd to peace :
The winds no longer rage with boundless ire,
But, hush'd in silence, to their caves retire :
The clouds disperse, restoring as they fly
The unobstructed sun and azure sky :

Fear

Fear only held its place, and still possess
Usurp'd dominion o'er the boldest breast.

The tempest ceas'd, and heaven, serenely bright,
Array'd the moisten'd earth in joyous light :
When, pois'd upon a cloud that swiftly flew,
A Female form descended to their view,
Clad in the radiance of so rich a veil,
As made the sun's meridian lustre pale ;
For it outshone his golden orb as far
As his full blaze outshines the twinkling star.
Her sacred features banish all their dread,
And o'er the host reviving comfort shed.
An hoary Elder by her side appear'd,
For age and sanctity of life rever'd ;
And thus she spoke, with soft persuasive grace :
Ah ! whither rush ye, blind devoted race ?
Turn, while you can, towards your native plain,
Nor 'gainst yon city point your arms in vain ;
For God will guard his faithful Christian band,
And give them empire o'er your bleeding land,
Since, thankless, false, and obstinate in ill,
You scorn submission to his sacred will.
Yet shun those walls ; th' Almighty, there ador'd,
There arms his people with Destruction's sword.
So spoke the Vision, with an angel's tongue,
And thro' the spacious air to heaven she sprung.

The Indians, confounded by this miraculous interposition, disperse in disorder to their several homes; and the Poet proceeds very gravely to affirm, that, having obtained the best information, from many individuals, concerning this miracle, that he might be very exact in his account of it, he finds it happened on the twenty-third of April, four years before he wrote the verses that describe it, and in the year of our Lord 1554. The Vision was followed by pestilence and famine among the Indians. They remain inactive during the winter, but assemble again the ensuing spring, in the plains of Arauco, to renew the war. They receive intelligence that the Spaniards are attempting to rebuild the city of Concepcion, and are requested by the neighbouring tribes to march to their assistance, and prevent that design. Lautaro leads a chosen band on that expedition, hoping to surprize the fort the Spaniards had erected on the ruins of their city; but the Spanish commander, Alvarado, being apprized of their motion, sallies forth to meet the Indian party: a skirmish ensues; the Spaniards retire to their fort; Lautaro attempts to storm it; a most bloody encounter ensues; Tupacel signalizes himself in the attack; the Indians persevere with the most obstinate valour, and, after a long conflict (described with a considerable portion

portion of Homeric spirit) gain possession of the fort; Alvarado and a few of his followers escape; they are pursued, and much galled in their flight: a single Indian, named Rengo, harrasses Alvarado and two of his attendants; the Spanish officer, provoked by the insult, turns with his two companions to punish their pursuer; but the wily Indian secures himself on some rocky heights, and annoys them with his sling, till, despairing of revenge, they continue their flight.

C A N T O X.

THE Indians celebrate their victory with public games; and prizes are appointed for such as excel in their various martial exercises. Leucoton is declared victor in the contest of throwing the lance, and receives a scimitar as his reward. Rengo subdues his two rivals, Cayeguan and Talco, in the exercise of wrestling, and proceeds to contend with Leucoton. After a long and severe struggle, Rengo has the misfortune to fall by an accidental failure of the ground, but, springing lightly up, engages his adversary with increasing fury; and the canto ends without deciding the contest.

C A N T O X I.

LAUTARO separates the two enraged antagonists, to prevent the ill effects of their wrath. The youth Orompello, whom Leucoton had before surpassed in the contest of the lance, challenges his successful rival to wrestle: they engage, and fall together: the victory is disputed. Tucapel demands the prize for his young friend Orompello, and insults the General Caupolican. The latter is restrained from avenging the insult, by the sage advice of the veteran Colocolo, at whose request he distributes prizes of equal value to each of the claimants. To prevent farther animosities, they relinquish the rest of the appointed games, and enter into debate on the war. Lautaro is again appointed to the command of a chosen troop, and marches towards the city of St. Jago. The Spaniards, alarmed at the report of his approach, send out some forces to reconnoitre his party: a skirmish ensues: they are driven back to the city, and relate that Lautaro is fortifying a strong post at some distance, intending soon to attack the city. Villagran, the Spaniard who commanded there, being confined by illness, appoints an officer of his own name to sally forth, with all the forces he can raise, in quest of the enemy.

enemy. The Spaniards fix their camp, on the approach of night, near the fort of Lautaro : they are suddenly alarmed, and summoned to arms ; but the alarm is occasioned only by a single horse without a rider, which Lautaro, aware of their approach, had turned loose towards their camp, as an insulting mode of proclaiming his late victory, in which he had taken ten of the Spanish horses.

The Spaniards pass the night under arms, resolving to attack the Indians at break of day. Lautaro had issued orders that no Indian should sally from the fort under pain of death, to prevent the advantage which the Spanish cavalry must have over his small forces in the open plain. He also commanded his soldiers to retreat with an appearance of dismay, at the first attack on the fort, and suffer a considerable number of the enemy to enter the place. This stratagem succeeds : the Spaniards rush forward with great fury : the Indians give ground, but, soon turning with redoubled violence on those who had passed their lines, destroy many, and oblige the rest to save themselves by a precipitate flight. The Indians, forgetting the orders of their Leader, in the ardour of vengeance sally forth in pursuit of their flying enemy. Lautaro recalls them by the sound of a military horn, which he blows with the utmost violence. They return,

return, but dare not appear in the presence of their offended Commander. He issues new restrictions; and then, summoning his soldiers together, addresses them, in a spirited, yet calm and affectionate harangue, on the necessity of martial obedience. While he is yet speaking, the Spaniards return to the attack, but are again repulsed with great loss. They retreat, and encamp at the foot of a mountain, unmolested by any pursuers.

C A N T O XII.

THE Spaniards remain in their camp, while two of their adventurous soldiers engage to return once more to the fort, and examine the state of it. On their approach, one of them, called Marcos Vaez, is saluted by his name, and promised security, by a voice from within the walls. Lautaro had formerly lived with him on terms of friendship, and now invites him into the fort. The Indian Chief harangues on the resolution and the power of his countrymen to exterminate the Spaniards, unless they submit. He proposes, however, terms of accommodation to his old friend Marcos, and specifies the tribute he should expect. The Spaniard answers with disdain, that the only tribute the Indians would receive from his countrymen would be
torture

torture and death. Lautaro replies, with great temper, that arms, and the valor of the respective nations, must determine this point; and proceeds to entertain his guest with a display of six Indians, whom he had mounted and trained to exercise on Spanish horses. The Spaniard challenges the whole party: Lautaro will not allow him to engage in any conflict, but dismisses him in peace. He recalls him, before he had proceeded far from the fort, and, telling him that his soldiers were much distressed by the want of provision, entreats him to send a supply, affirming it to be true heroism to relieve an enemy from the necessities of famine. The Spaniard subscribes to the sentiment, and engages, if possible, to comply with the request. Returning to his camp, he acquaints his Commander Villagran with all that had passed; who, suspecting some dangerous design from Lautaro, decamps hastily in the night to regain the city. The Indian Chief is severely mortified by their departure, as he had formed a project for cutting off their retreat, by letting large currents of water into the marshy ground on which the Spaniards were encamped. Despairing of being able to succeed against their city, now prepared to resist him, he returns towards Arauco, most sorely galled by his disappointment, and thus venting his anguish:

What can redeem Lautaro's wounded name?
 What plea preserve his failing arms from shame?
 Did not my ardent soul this task demand,
 Which now upbraids my unperforming hand?
 On me, on me alone can censure fall;
 Myself th' adviser and the guide of all.
 Am I the Chief who, in Fame's bright career,
 Ask'd to subdue the globe a single year?

While, at the head of this my glittering train,
 I weakly threaten Spanish walls in vain,
 Thrice has pale Cynthia, with replenish'd ray,
 Seen my ill-order'd troop in loose array;
 And the rich chariot of the blazing sun
 Has from the Scorpion to Aquarius run.
 At last, as fugitives these paths we tread,
 And mourn twice fifty brave companions dead.
 Could Fate's kind hand this hateful stain efface,
 Could death redeem me from this worse disgrace,
 My useless spear should pierce this abject heart,
 Which has so ill sustain'd a soldier's part.
 Unworthy thought! the mean, ignoble blow
 Would only tempt my proud and vaunting foe
 To boast that I preferr'd, in fear's alarm,
 My own weak weapon to his stronger arm.

By Hell I swear, who rules the sanguine strife,
 If Chance allow me yet a year of life,

I'll

I'll chase these foreign lords from Chile's strand,
 And Spanish blood shall saturate our land.
 No changing season, neither cold nor heat,
 Shall make the firmer step of War retreat ;
 Nor shall the earth, nor hell's expanding cave,
 From this avenging arm one Spaniard save.

Now the brave Chief, with solemn ardor, swore
 To his dear native home to turn no more ;
 From no fierce sun, no stormy winds to fly,
 But patiently abide the varying sky,
 And spurn all thoughts of pleasure and of ease,
 Till rescu'd fame his tortur'd soul appease ;
 Till earth confess the brave Lautaro's hand
 Has clos'd the glorious work his spirit plann'd.
 In these resolves the Hero found relief,
 And thus relax'd the o'erstrain'd cord of grief ;
 Whose pressure gall'd him with such mental pain,
 That frenzy almost seiz'd his burning brain.

Lautaro continues his march into an Indian district, from which he collects a small increase of force ; and, after addressing his soldiers concerning the expediency of strict military discipline, and the cause of their late ill success, he turns again towards the city of St. Jago ; but, receiving intelligence on his road of its preparations for defence, he again suspends his design, and fortifies a post, which he

chuses with the hope of collecting still greater numbers to assist him in his projected enterprize. The Spaniards at St. Jago are eager to fall in quest of Lautaro, but their Commander Villagran was absent on an expedition to the city of Imperial. In returning from thence he passes near the post of Lautaro. An Indian ally acquaints him with its situation, and, at the earnest request of the Spanish officer, agrees to conduct him, by a short though difficult road, over a mountain, to attack the fort by surprize. The Poet suspends his narration of this interesting event, to relate the arrival of new forces from Spain in America; and he now begins to appear himself on the field of action. "Hitherto," says he, "I have described the scenes in which I was not present; yet I have collected my information from no partial witnesses, and I have recorded only those events in which both parties agree. Since it is known that I have shed so much blood in support of what I affirm, my future narration will be more authentic; for I now speak as an ocular witness of every action, unblinded by partiality, which I disdain, and resolved to rob no one of the praise which he deserves."

After pleading his youth as an apology for the defects of his style, and after declaring that his only motive for writing was the ardent desire to preserve

so many valiant actions from perishing in oblivion, the Poet proceeds to relate the arrival of the Marquis de Canete as Viceroy in Peru, and the spirited manner in which he corrected the abuses of that country. The canto concludes with reflections on the advantages of loyalty, and the miseries of rebellion.

CANTO XIII.

SPANISH deputies from the province of Chile implore assistance from the new Viceroy of Peru : he sends them a considerable succour, under the conduct of Don Garcia, his son. The Poet is himself of this band, and relates the splendid preparations for the enterprize, and the embarkation of the troops in ten vessels, which sail from Lima towards the coast of Chile. Having described part of this voyage, he returns to the bold exploit of Villagran, and the adventures of Lautaro, the most interesting of all the Araucanian Heroes, whom he left securing himself in his sequestered fort.

A path where watchful centinels were spread,
A single path, to this lone station led :
No other signs of human step were trac'd ;
For the vex'd land was desolate and waste.

It chanc'd that night the noble Chieftain prest
His anxious mistress to his gallant breast,
The fair Guacolda, for whose charms he burn'd,
And whose warm heart his faithful love return'd.
That night beheld the warlike savage rest,
Free from th' incumbrance of his martial vest ;
That night alone allow'd his eyes to close
In the deceitful calm of short repose :
Sleep prest upon him like the weight of death ;
But soon he starts, alarm'd, and gasps for breath.
The fair Guacolda, with a trembling tongue,
Anxious enquires from whence his anguish sprung.

My lovely Fair ! the brave Lautaro cries,
An hideous vision struck my scornful eyes :
Methought that instant a fierce Chief of Spain
Mock'd my vain spear with insolent disdain ;
His forceful arm my failing powers o'ercame,
And strength and motion seem'd to quit my frame.
But still the vigor of my soul I keep,
And its keen anger burst the bonds of sleep.

With quick despair, the troubled Fair one said,
Alas ! thy dreams confirm the ills I dread.
'Tis come—the object of my boding fears !
Thy end, the source of my unceasing tears.
Yet not so wretched is this mournful hour,
Nor o'er me, Fortune, canst thou boast such pow'r,

But

But that kind death may shorten all my woes,
And give the agonizing scene to close.
Let my stern fate its cruel rage employ,
And hurl me from the throne of love and joy ;
Whatever pangs its malice may devise,
It cannot rend affection's stronger ties.
Tho' horrible the blow my fears foresee,
A second blow will set my spirit free ;
For cold on earth thy frame shall ne'er be found,
While mine with useless being loads the ground.

The Chief, transported with her tender charms,
Closely around her neck entwin'd his arms ;
And, while fond tears her snowy breast bedew'd,
Thus with redoubled love his speech pursu'd :

My generous Fair, thy gloomy thoughts dismiss ;
Nor let dark omens interrupt our bliss,
And cloud these moments that with transport shine,
While my exulting heart thus feels thee mine.
Thy troubled fancy prompts my mutual sigh ;
Not that I think the hour of danger nigh :
But Love so melts me with his soft controul,
Impossibilities alarm my soul.
If thy kind wishes bid Lautaro live,
Who to this frame the wound of death can give ?
Tho' 'gainst me all the powers of earth combine,
My life is subject to no hand but thine.

Who has restor'd the Araucanian name,
 And rais'd it, sinking in the depths of shame,
 When alien lords our nation's spirit broke,
 And bent its neck beneath a servile yoke?
 I am the Chief who burst our galling chain,
 And freed my country from oppressive Spain;
 My name alone, without my sword's display,
 Humbles our foes, and fills them with dismay.
 These happy arms while thy dear beauties fill,
 I feel no terror, I foresee no ill.

Be not by false and empty dreams deprest,
 Since truth has nothing to afflict thy breast.
 Oft have I 'scap'd, inur'd to every state,
 From many a darker precipice of fate;
 Oft in far mightier perils risk'd my life,
 And issued glorious from the doubtful strife.

With less'ning confidence, and deeper grief,
 Trembling she hung upon the soothing Chief,
 His lip with supplicating softness prest,
 And urg'd with many a tear this fond request:

If the pure love, which, prodigal and free,
 When freedom most was mine, I gave to thee;
 If truth, which Heaven will witness and defend,
 Weigh with my sovereign lord and gentle friend;
 By these let me adjure thee; by the pain
 Which at our parting pierc'd my every vein,

And all the vows, if undispers'd in air,
Which then with many a tear I heard thee swear ;
To this my only wish at least agree,
If all thy wishes have been laws to me :
Haste, I entreat thee, arm thyself with care,
And bid thy soldiers for defence prepare.

The brave Barbarian quick reply'd — 'Tis clear
How low my powers are rated by thy fear.
Canst thou so poorly of Lautaro deem ?
And is this arm so sunk in thy esteem ?
This arm, which, rescuing thy native earth,
So prodigally prov'd its valiant worth !
In my try'd courage how complete thy trust,
Whose terror weeps thy living lord as dust !

In thee, she cries, with confidence most pure,
My soul is satisfy'd, yet not secure.
What will thy arm avail in danger's course,
If my malignant fate has mightier force ?
But let the mis'ry I forebode arise ;
On this firm thought my constant love relies :
The sword whose stroke our union may disjoin,
Will teach my faithful soul to follow thine.
Since my hard destiny, with rage severe,
Thus threatens me with all that love can fear ;
Since I am doom'd the worst of ills to see,
And lose all earthly good in losing thee ;

O ! suffer

O ! suffer me to pass, ere death appears,
 The little remnant of my life in tears !
 The heart that sinks not in distress like this,
 Could never feel, could never merit bliss.

Here from her eyes such floods of sorrow flow,
 Compassion weeps in gazing on her woe !
 The fond Lautaro, tho' of firmest power,
 Sheds, as she speaks, a sympathetic shower.
 But, to the tender scenes of love unus'd,
 My artless pen, embarrass'd and confus'd,
 From its sad task with diffidence withdraws,
 And in its labour asks a little pause.

C A N T O XIV.

WHat erring wretch, to Truth and Beauty blind,
 Shall dare to 'satirize the Female Kind,
 Since pure affection prompts their anxious care,
 Their lovely weakness, and their fond despair ?
 This fair Barbarian, free from Christian ties,
 A noble proof of perfect love supplies,
 By kindest words, and floods of tears that roll
 From the clear source of her impassion'd soul.

The cheering ardor of the dauntless Chief
 Fails to afford her troubled mind relief ;
 Nor can the ample trench and guarded wall
 Preserve her doubtful heart from fear's enthrall :
Her

Her terrors, rushing with love's mighty force,
Level whatever would impede their course.
She finds no shelter from her cruel doom,
Save the dear refuge of Lautaro's tomb.

Thus their two hearts, where equal passion reign'd,
A fond debate with tender strife maintain'd ;
Their differing words alike their love display,
Feed the sweet poison, and augment its sway.

The sleepy soldiers now their stories close,
And stretch'd around their sinking fires repose.
The path in front with centinels was lin'd,
And the high mountain was their guard behind ;
But o'er that mountain, with advent'rous tread,
Bold Villagran his silent forces led.

His hasty march with painful toil he made ;
Toil is the price that must for fame be paid.
Now near the fort, and halting in its sight,
He waits the coming aid of clearer light.

The stars yet shining, but their fires decay,
And now the reddening East proclaims the day.
Th' advancing troop no Indian eye alarms,
For friendly darkness hover'd o'er their arms ;
And on the quarter where the mountain rose,
The careless guard despis'd the thought of foes.
No panting horse their still approach betray'd ;
Propitious Fortune lent the Spaniards aid ;

Fortune,

Fortune, who oft bids drowsy Sloth beware,
And lulls to sleep the watchful eye of Care.

When Night's obscure dominion first declines,
And glimmering light the dusky air refines,
The weary guards, who round the wall were plac'd,
Hail the new day, and from their station haste;
Secure of ill, no longer watch they keep,
Quick to forget their nightly toils in sleep:
Thro' all the fort there reign'd a calm profound;
In wine and slumber all its force was drown'd.

The Spanish Chief, who saw the fav'ring hour,
Led on by slow degrees his silent power.
No Indian eyes perceiv'd his near advance;
Fate seem'd to bind them in a cruel trance;
Each in sound slumber draws his easy breath,
Nor feels his slumber will be clos'd by Death.
So blind are mortals to that tyrant's sway,
They deem him distant, while they sink his prey.

Our eager soldiers now no longer halt,
While kind occasion prompts the keen assault;
A shout they raise, terrific, loud, and long,
Swell'd by the voice of all the ardent throng;
Whose ranks, obedient to their Leader's call,
Rush with light ardor o'er th' unguarded wall,
And gain the fort, where Sleep's oppressive weight
Expos'd his wretched victims, blind to fate.

As villains, conscious of their life impure,
 Find in their guilty course no spot secure ;
 For vice is ever doom'd new fears to feel,
 And tremble at each turn of Fortune's wheel ;
 At every noise, at each alarm that stirs,
 Death's penal horror to their mind occurs ;
 Quick to their arms they fly with wild dismay,
 And rush where hasty terror points the way :
 So quick the Indians to the tumult came,
 With sleep and valor struggling in their frame.
 Unaw'd by danger's unexpected sight,
 They rouse their fellows, and they rush to fight.
 Tho' their brave bosoms are of armour bare,
 Their manly hearts their martial rage declare.
 No furious odds their gallant souls appal,
 But resolute they fly to guard the wall.

It was the season when, with tender care,
 Lautaro reason'd with his anxious Fair ;
 Carest, consol'd, and, in his anger kind,
 Mildly reprov'd her weak, mistrusting mind.
 Spite of his cheering voice she trembles still ;
 Severer terrors now her bosom fill :
 For sterner sounds their soft debate o'ercome,
 Drown'd in the rattle of th' alarming drum.
 But not so quick, on Apprehension's wings,
 The wretched miser from his pillow springs,

Whose

Whose hoarded gold forbids his mind to rest,
If doubtful noise the nightly thief suggest :
Nor yet so hasty, tho' with terror wild,
Flies the fond mother to her wounded child,
Whose painful cry her shuddering soul alarms,
As flew Lautaro at the sound of arms.
His mantle rapidly around him roll'd,
And, grasping a light sword with hasty hold,
Too eager for his heavier arms to wait,
The fierce Barbarian hurried to the gate.
O faithless Fortune ! thou deceitful friend !
Of thy false favours how severe the end !
How quick thou cancell'st, when thy frown appears,
Th' accumulated gifts of long triumphant years !

To aid the Spaniards in their bold emprise,
Four hundred Indians march'd, their firm allies,
Who on the left their line of battle close,
And haste to combat with their painted bows ;
Launching adroitly, in their rapid course,
Unnumber'd arrows with unerring force.
As brave Lautaro issued from his tent,
A shaft to meet the sallying Chief was sent ;
Thro' his left side (ye valiant, mourn his lot !)
Flew the keen arrow, with such fury shot
It pierc'd his heart, the bravest and the best
That e'er was lodg'd within a human breast.

Proud

Proud of the stroke that laid such valor low,
 Death seem'd to glory in th' important blow ;
 And, that no Mortal might his triumph claim,
 In darkness hid the doubtful Archer's name.
 Such force the keen resistless weapon found,
 It stretch'd the mighty Chieftain on the ground,
 And gave large outlet to his ardent blood,
 That gush'd apace in a tumultuous flood.
 From his sunk cheek its native colour fled ;
 His sightless eyes roll'd in his ghastly head ;
 His soul, that felt its glorious hopes o'erthrown,
 Retir'd, indignant, to the world unknown,

The noble savages, not dismayed by the death
 of their Leader, continue to defend the fort with
 great fury.

CANTO XV.

THE Poet opens this canto with a lively panegyric on Love : he affirms that the greatest Poets have derived their glory from their vivid descriptions of this enchanting passion ; and he laments that he is precluded by his subject from indulging his imagination in such scenes as are more likely to captivate a reader.

He seems to intend this as an apology (but I
 must

must own it is an unsatisfactory one) for deserting the fair Guacolda, whom he mentions no more. He proceeds to describe the sharp contest which the undaunted Indians still maintained in their fort :—they refuse quarter, which is offered them by the Spanish Leader, and all resolutely perish with the brave and beloved Lautaro. The Poet then resumes his account of the naval expedition from Peru to Chile; and concludes the canto with a spirited description of a storm, which attacked the vessels as they arrived in sight of the province to which they were steering.

CANTO XVI.

THE storm abates. The Spaniards land, and fortify themselves on an island near the country of the Araucanians. The latter hold a council of war in the valley of Ongolmo. Caupolican, their General, proposes to attack the Spaniards in their new post. The elder Chieftains dissuade him from the design. A quarrel ensues between Tucapel and the aged Peteguelen:—they are appeased by a speech of the venerable Colocolo; by whose advice a spirited and adroit young Indian, named Milla-lanco, is dispatched, as a peaceful ambassador, to learn the situation and designs of the Spaniards.

He

He embarks in a large galley with oars, and soon arrives at the island. He surveys the Spanish implements of war with astonishment, and is conducted to the tent of the General, Don Garcia.

CANTO XVII.

THE Indian addresses the Spanish officers with a proposal of peace and amity. He is dismissed with presents. The Chieftains, on his return, pretend to relinquish hostilities; but prepare secretly for war. The Spaniards remain unmolested on the island during the stormy season. They send a select party of an hundred and thirty, including our Poet, to raise a fort on the continent: these execute their commission with infinite dispatch, and all the Spanish troops remove to this new post. The Araucanians are alarmed. An intrepid Youth, named Gracolano, proposes to the Indian General, Caupolican, to storm the fort. The Indians advance near it, under shelter of the night. The Poet describes himself, at this juncture, as oppressed by the excessive labours of the day, and unable to pursue his poetical studies according to his nightly custom: the pen falls from his hand: he is seized with violent pains and tremblings:

his strength and senses forsake him. But soon recovering from this infirmity, he enjoys a refreshing sleep. Bellona appears to him in a vision, and encourages him both as a soldier and a poet. She conducts him, through a delicious country, to the summit of a most lofty mountain; when, pointing to a spot below, she informs him it is St. Quintin, and that his countrymen, under the command of their sovereign Philip, are just marching to attack it: she adds, that her presence is necessary in the midst of that important scene; and leaves the Poet on the eminence to survey and record the battle.

C A N T O XVIII.

AFTER the Poet has described the success of his royal master at St. Quintin, a female figure of a most venerable appearance, but without a name, relates to him prophetically many future events of great importance to his country. She touches on the disturbances in the Netherlands, the enterprizes of the Turks, and the exploits of Don John of Austria, at that time unknown to fame. These she hints very imperfectly, telling the Poet, that if he wishes for farther information, he must follow the steps of a tame deer, which he will find in a particular spot; this animal will lead him

him to the cell of an ancient hermit, formerly a soldier, who will conduct him to the secret cave of the unsocial Fiton, a mighty magician, who will display to him the most miraculous visions. His female Instructor then advises him to mix softer subjects with the horrors of war, and to turn his eyes and his thoughts to the charms of the many Beauties who then flourished in Spain. He beholds all these lovely fair ones assembled in a delicious paradise; and he is particularly attracted by a young lady, whose name he discovers to be Donna Maria Bazan (his future wife): in the moment that he begins to question his Guide concerning this engaging Beauty, he is roused from his vision by the sound of an alarm. He snatches up his arms, and hurries to his post:—while the morning dawns, and the Indians begin to attack the fort.

C A N T O XIX.

THE Indians advance in three squadrons. The Youth Gracolano o'erleaps the trench, supported on a lofty pike, by which he also passes the wall. He defends himself in the midst of the Spaniards with great spirit; but, finding himself unsupported, he wrenches a lance from a Spanish soldier, and tries to leap once more over the trench;

but he is struck by a stone while vaulting through the air, and falls, covered, as the Poet expressly declares, with two-and-thirty wounds. Some of his friends are shot near him; but the Indians get possession of the Spanish lance with which he had sprung over the wall, and brandish it in triumph. The Spaniard, named Elvira, who had lost his weapon, piqued by the adventure, sallies from the fort, and returns, amid the shouts of his countrymen, with an Indian spear which he won in single combat from a Barbarian, whom he had perceived detached from his party. The Indians attempt to storm the fort on every side: many are destroyed by the Spanish fire-arms. The head of the ancient Peteguelen is shot off; but Tucapel passes the wall, and rushes with great slaughter into the midst of the enemy. The Spaniards who were in the ships that anchored near the coast hasten on shore, and march to assist their countrymen in the fort, but are attacked by a party of Indians in their march. The conflict continues furious on the walls; but the Indians at length retreat, leaving Tucapel still fighting within the fort.

CANTO XX.

TUCAPEL, though severely wounded, escapes with life, and rejoins the Indian army, which continues to retreat. The Spaniards sally from the fort, but soon return to it, from the apprehension of an ambuscade. They clear their trench, and strengthen the weaker parts of their fortification. Night comes on. The Poet describes himself stationed on a little eminence in the plain below the fort, which was seated on high and rocky ground : —fatigued with the toils of the day, and oppressed by the weight of his armour, which he continues to wear, he is troubled with a lethargic heaviness ; which he counteracts by exercise, declaring that his disposition to slumber in his post arose not from any intemperance either in diet or in wine, as mouldy biscuit and rain-water had been for some time his chief sustenance ; and that he was accustomed to make the moist earth his bed, and to divide his time between his poetical and his military labours. He then relates the following nocturnal adventure, which may perhaps be considered as the most striking and pathetic incident in this singular poem :

While thus I stroye my nightly watch to keep,
And struggled with th' oppressive weight of sleep,
As my quick feet, with many a silent stride,
Travers'd th' allotted ground from side to side,
My eye perceiv'd one quarter of the plain
White with the mingled bodies of the slain ;
For our incessant fire, that bloody day,
Had slaughter'd numbers in the stubborn fray.

As oft I paus'd each distant noise to hear,
Gazing around me with attentive ear,
I heard from time to time a feeble sound
Towards the breathless Indians on the ground,
Still closing with a sigh of mournful length ;
At every interval it gather'd strength ;
And now it ceas'd, and now again begun,
And still from corse to corse it seem'd to run.
As night's encreasing shade my hope destroys,
To view the source of this uncertain noise,
Eager my mind's unquiet doubts to still,
And more the duties of my post fulfil,
With crouching steps I haste, and earnest eyes,
To the low spot from whence the murmurs rise ;
And see a dusky Form, that seems to tread
Slow, on four feet, among the gory dead.

With terror, that my heart will not deny,
When this strange vision struck my doubtful eye,
Towards

Towards it, with a prayer to Heav'n, I prest,
Arms in my hand, my corselet on my breast ;
But now the dusky Form, on which I sprung,
Upright arose, and spoke with plaintive tongue :

Mercy ! to mercy hear my just pretence ;
I am a woman, guiltless of offence !
If my distress, and unexampled plight,
No generous pity in thy breast excite ;
If thy blood-thirsty rage, by tears uncheck'd,
Would pass those limits which the brave respect ;
Will such a deed encrease thy martial fame,
When Heaven's just voice shall to the world proclaim

That by thy ruthless sword a woman died,
A widow, sunk in sorrow's deepest tide ?
Yet I implore thee, if 'twas haply thine,
Or for thy curse, as now I feel it mine ;
If e'er thy lot, in any state, to prove
How firm the faithful ties of tender love,
O let me bury one brave warrior slain,
Whose corse lies blended with this breathless train !
Remember, he who thwarts the duteous will
Becomes th' approver and the cause of ill.

Thou wilt not hinder these my pious vows ;
War, fiercest war, this just demand allows :
The basest tyranny alone is driven
To use the utmost power that chance has given,

Let but my soul its dear companion find,
Then fate thy fury, if to blood inclin'd ;
For in such grief I draw my lingering breath,
Life is my dread, beyond the pangs of death.
There is no ill that now can wound my breast,
No good, but what I in my Love possess :
Fly then, ye hours ! that keep me from the dead ;
For he, the spirit of my life, is fled.
If adverse Heaven my latest wish deny,
On his dear corse to fix my closing eye,
My tortur'd soul, in cruel Fate's despight,
Will soar, the faithful partner of his flight.

And now her agony of heart implor'd
An end of all her sorrows from my sword.
Doubt and distrust my troubled mind assail,
That fears deceit in her affecting tale ;
Nor was I fully of her faith secure,
Till oft her words the mournful truth insure ;
Suspicion whisper'd, that an artful spy
By this illusion might our state descry.

Howe'er inclin'd to doubt, yet soon I knew,
Though night conceal'd her features from my view,
That truth was stamp'd on every word she said ;
So full of grief, so free from guilty dread :
And that bold love, to every danger blind,
Had sent her forth her slaughter'd Lord to find,
Who,

Who, in the onset of our bloody strife,
For brave distinction sacrific'd his life.

Fill'd with compassion, when I saw her bent
To execute her chaste and fond intent,
I led her weeping to the higher spot,
To guard whose precincts was that night my lot;
Securely there I begg'd her to relate
The perfect story of her various fate;
From first to last her touching woes impart,
And by the tale relieve her loaded heart.

Ah! she replied, relief I ne'er can know,
Till Death's kind aid shall terminate my woe!
Earth for my ills no remedy supplies,
Beyond all suff'rance my afflictions rise:
Yet, though the task will agonize my soul,
Of my sad story I will tell the whole;
Grief, thus inforc'd, my life's weak thread may rend,
And in the killing tale my pangs may end.

The fair Indian then relates to Ercilla the particulars of her life, in a speech of considerable length:—she informs him, that her name is Tegualda;—that she is the daughter of the Chieftain Brancól;—that her father had often pressed her to marry, which she had for some time declined, though solicited by many of the noblest Youths in
her

her country ; till, being appointed, in compliment to her beauty, to distribute the prizes, in a scene of public festivity, to those who excelled in the manly exercises, she was struck by the accomplishments of a gallant Youth, named Crepino, as she bestowed on him the reward of his victories ; —that she declared her choice to her father, after perceiving the Youth inspired with a mutual affection for her ; —that the old Chieftain was delighted by her chusing so noble a character, and their marriage had been publicly solemnized but a month from that day. On this conclusion of her story, she bursts into new agonies of grief, and entreats Ercilla to let her pay her last duties to her husband ; or rather, to unite them again in a common grave. Ercilla endeavours to console her, by repeated promises of all the assistance in his power. In the most passionate excess of sorrow, she still entreats him to end her miserable life.—In this distressing scene, our Author is relieved by the arrival of a brother officer, who had been also stationed on the plain, and now informs Ercilla that the time of their appointed watch is expired. They join in comforting the unhappy Mourner, and conduct her into the fort ; where they consign her, for the remainder of the night, to *the decent care of married*

married women, to use the chaste expression of the generous and compassionate Ercilla.

CANTO XXI.

IN pure affection who has soar'd above
 The tender pious proof of faithful love,
 Which thus awak'd our sympathetic care
 For this unhappy, fond, barbarian Fair?
 O that just Fame my humble voice would raise
 To swell in loudest notes her lasting praise!
 To spread her merits, in immortal rhyme,
 Throughevery language, and through every clime!

With pitying females she the night remain'd,
 Where no rude step their privacy profan'd;
 Though wretched, thankful for their soothing aid,
 With hopes her duty would at length be paid.

Soon as the welcome light of morning came,
 Though soundest sleep had seiz'd my jaded frame,
 Though my tir'd limbs were still to rest inclin'd,
 Solitude awak'd my anxious mind.

Quick to my Indian Mourner I repair,
 And still in tears I find the restless Fair;
 The varying hours afford her no relief,
 No transient momentary pause of grief.

With

With truest pity I her pangs assuage ;
To find her slaughter'd Lord my word engage,
Restore his corse, and, with a martial band,
Escort her safely to her native land.

With blended doubt and sorrow, weeping still,
My promis'd word she pray'd me to fulfil.

Assembling now a menial Indian train,
I led her to explore the bloody plain :
Where heaps of mingled dead deform'd the ground,
Near to the fort the breathless Chief we found ;
Clay-cold and stiff, the gory earth he prest,
A fatal ball had pass'd his manly breast.

Wretched Tegualda, who before her view'd
The pale disfigur'd form, in blood imbru'd,
Sprung forward, and with instantaneous force
Frantic she darted on the precious corse,
And press'd his lips, where livid death appears,
And bath'd his wounded bosom in her tears,
And kiss'd the wound, and the wild hope pursues
That her fond breath may yet new life infuse.

Wretch that I am ! at length she madly cried,
Why does my soul these agonies abide ?
Why do I linger in this mortal strife,
Nor pay to Love his just demand, my life ?
Why, poor of spirit ! at a single blow
Do I not close this bitter scene of woe ?

Whence

Whence this delay ? will Heaven to me deny
The wretch's choice and privilege, to die ?

While, bent on death, in this despair she gasp'd,
Her furious hands her snowy neck inclasp'd ;
Failing her frantic wish, they do not spare
Her mournful visage nor her flowing hair.
Much as I strove to stop her mad intent,
Her fatal purpose I could scarce prevent :
So loath'd she life, and with such fierce controul
The raging thirst of death inflam'd her soul.

When by my prayers, and soft persuasion's balm,
Her pangs of sorrow grew a little calm,
And her mild speech confirm'd my hope, at last,
That her delirious agony was past,
My ready Indian train, with duteous haste,
On a firm bier the clay-cold body plac'd,
And bore the Warrior, in whose fate we griev'd,
To where her vassals the dear charge receiv'd.
But, lest from ruthless War's outrageous sway
The mourning Fair might suffer on her way,
O'er the near mountains, to a safer land,
I march'd to guard her with my warlike band ;
And there secure, for the remaining road
Was clear and open to her own abode,
She gratefully declin'd my farther care,
And thank'd and bless'd me in a parting prayer.

As I have been tempted to dwell much longer than I intended on some of the most pathetic incidents of this extraordinary poem, I shall give a more concise summary of the remaining cantos. —On Ercilla's return, the Spaniards continue to strengthen their fort. They receive intelligence from an Indian ally, that the Barbarian army intend a fresh assault in the night. They are relieved from this alarm by the arrival of a large reinforcement from the Spanish cities in Chile:—on which event Colocolo prevails on the Indians to suspend the attack. Caupolican, the Indian General, reviews all his forces; and the various Chieftains are well described. The Spanish Commander, Don Garcia, being now determined to march into the hostile district of Arauco, addresses his soldiers in a spirited harangue, requesting them to remember the pious cause for which they fight, and to spare the life of every Indian who is disposed to submission. They remove from their post, and pass in boats over the broad river Biobio.

C A N T O XXII.

THE Spaniards are attacked in their new quarters—a furious battle ensues. The Spaniards are forced to give ground, but at last prevail. The
Indian

Indian Chief, Rengo, signalizes himself in the action; defends himself in a marsh, and retreats in good order with his forces. The Spaniards, after the conflict, seize an unhappy straggling Youth, named Galvarino, whom they punish as a rebel in the most barbarous manner, by cutting off both his hands. The valiant Youth defies their cruelty in the midst of this horrid scene; and, brandishing his bloody stumps, departs from his oppressors with the most insulting menaces of revenge.

C A N T O XXIII.

GALVARINO appears in the Assembly of the Indian Chieftains, and excites them, in a very animated speech, to revenge the barbarity with which he had been treated. He faints from loss of blood, in the close of his harangue, but is recovered by the care of his friends, and restored to health. The Indians, exasperated by the sight of his wounds, unanimously determine to prosecute the war. The Spaniards, advancing in Arauco, send forth scouts to discover the disposition of the neighbouring tribes. Ercilla, engaging in this service, perceives an old Indian in a sequestered spot, apparently sinking under the infirmities of

age ; but, on his approach, the ancient figure flies from him with astonishing rapidity. He endeavours in vain, though on horseback, to overtake this aged fugitive, who soon escapes from his sight. He now discovers the tame Deer foretold in his vision ; and, pursuing it, is conducted through intricate paths to a retired cottage, where a courteous old man receives him in a friendly manner. Ercilla enquires after the magician Fiton : the old man undertakes to guide him to the secret mansion of that wonderful Necromancer, to whom he declares himself related. He adds, that he himself was once a distinguished warrior ; but, having the misfortune to sully his past glory, without losing his life, in a conflict with another Chieftain, he had withdrawn himself from society, and lived twenty years as a hermit. He now leads Ercilla through a gloomy grove to the cell of the Magician, whose residence and magical apparatus are described with great force of imagination. Fiton appears from a secret portal, and proves to be the aged figure who had escaped so swiftly from the sight of Ercilla. At the request of his relation, the old Warrior, he condescends to shew Ercilla the wonders of his art. He leads him to a large lucid globe, self-suspended in the middle of an immense apartment. He tells him it is the work of forty
years

years study, and contains an exact representation of the world, with this singular power, that it exhibits, at his command, any scene of futurity which he wishes to behold:—that, knowing the heroic composition of Ercilla, he will give him an opportunity to vary and embellish his poem by the description of a most important sea-fight, which he will display to him most distinctly on that sphere. He then invokes all the powers of the infernal world. Ercilla fixes his eye on the globe, and perceives the naval forces of Spain, with those of the Pope and the Venetians, prepared to engage the great armament of the Turks.

C A N T O XXIV.

DESCRIBES circumstantially the naval battle of Lepanto, and celebrates the Spanish admiral, Don John of Austria. Ercilla gazes with great delight on this glorious action, and beholds the complete triumph of his countrymen; when the Magician strikes the globe with his wand, and turns the scene into darkness. Ercilla, after being entertained with other marvellous sights, which he omits from his dread of prolixity, takes leave of his two aged friends, and regains his quarters. The

Spaniards continue to advance: on their pitching their camp in a new spot, towards evening, an Araucanian, fantastically drest in armour, enquires for the tent of Don Garcia, and is conducted to his presence.

C A N T O XXV.

THE Araucanian delivers a defiance to Don Garcia, in the name of Caupolican, who challenges the Spanish General to end the war by a single combat. The messenger adds, that the whole Indian army will descend into the plain, on the next morning, to be spectators of the duel. Don Garcia dismisses him with an acceptance of the challenge. At the dawn of day the Indian forces appear in three divisions. A party of Spanish horse precipitately attack their left wing, before which Caupolican was advancing. They are repulsed. A general and obstinate engagement ensues. The mangled Galvarino appears at the head of one Indian squadron, and excites his countrymen to revenge his wrongs. Many Spaniards are named who distinguish themselves in the battle. Among the Indian Chiefs Tucapel and Rengo display the most splendid acts of valour; and, though

though personal enemies, they mutually defend each other. Caupolican also, at the head of the left squadron, obliges the Spaniards to retreat; and the Araucanians are on the point of gaining a decisive victory, when the fortune of the day begins to turn.

CANTO XXVI.

THE reserved guard of the Spaniards, in which Ercilla was stationed, advancing to the charge, recover the field, and oblige the main body of the Indians to fly. Caupolican, though victorious in his quarter, sounds a retreat when he perceives this event. The Indians fly in great disorder. Rengo for some time sustains an unequal conflict, and at last retreats sullenly into a wood, where he collects several of the scattered fugitives. As Ercilla happened to advance towards this spot, a Spaniard, called Remon, exhorts him by name to attempt the dangerous but important exploit of forcing this Indian party from the wood. His honour being thus piqued, he rushes forward with a few followers, and, after an obstinate engagement, in which many of the Indians are cut to pieces, the Spaniards obtain the victory, and return to their camp with several prisoners. After this great defeat of

the Indian army, the Spaniards, to deter their enemies from all future resistance, barbarously resolve to execute twelve Chieftains of distinction, whom they find among their captives, and to leave their bodies exposed on the trees that surrounded the field of battle. The generous Ercilla, lamenting this inhuman sentence, intercedes particularly for the life of one, alledging that he had seen him united with the Spaniards. This person proves to be Galvarino; who, on hearing the intercession for his life, produces his mangled arms, which he had concealed in his bosom, and, giving vent to his detestation of the Spaniards, insists on dying with his countrymen. Ercilla persists in vain in his endeavour to save him. As no executioner could be found among the Spanish soldiers, a new mode of destruction, says our Poet, was invented; and every Indian was ordered to terminate his own life by a cord which was given him. These brave men hastened to accomplish their fate with as much alacrity, continues Ercilla, as the most spirited warrior marches to an attack. One alone of the twelve begins to hesitate, and pray for mercy; declaring himself the lineal descendant of the most ancient race and sovereign of the country. He is interrupted by the reproaches of the impetuous Galvarino, and, repenting his timidity, atones for it by instant death.

The

The Spaniards advance still farther in the country, and raise a fort where Valdivia had perished. Ercilla finds his old friend the Magician once more, who tells him that Heaven thought proper to punish the pride of the Araucanians by their late defeat ; but that the Spaniards would soon pay dearly for their present triumph. The Wizard retires after this prophecy, and, with much intreaty, allows Ercilla to follow him. Coming to a gloomy rock, he strikes it with his wand ; a secret door opens, and they enter into a delicious garden, which the Poet commends for its symmetry, expressly declaring that every hedge *has its brother*. The Magician leads him into a vault of alabaster ; and, perceiving his wish, though he does not express it, of seeing the miraculous globe again, the courteous Fiton conducts him to it.

C A N T O XXVII.

THE Magician displays to our Poet the various countries of the globe ; particularly pointing out to him the ancient castle of Ercilla, the seat of his ancestors in Biscay, and the spot where his sovereign Philip the Second was soon to build his magnificent palace, the Escorial. Having shewn

him the various nations of the earth on his marvellous sphere, Fiton conducts his guest to the road leading to the Spanish camp, where the soldiers of Ercilla were seeking their officer. The Spaniards in vain attempt to sooth and to terify the Araucanians into peace; and, finding the importance of their present post, they determine to strengthen it, Ercilla proceeds with a party to the city of Imperial, to provide necessaries for this purpose. On his return, as he is marching through the country of some pacific Indians, he discovers, at the close of day, a distressed female, who attempts to fly, but is overtaken by Ercilla,

C A N T O XXVIII.

THE fair fugitive, whom our Poet describes as singularly beautiful, relates her story. She tells him her name is Glaura, the daughter of an opulent Chieftain, with whom she lived most happily, till a brother of her father's, who frequently resided with him, persecuted her with an unwarrantable passion;—that she in vain represented to him the impious nature of his love;—he persisted in his frantic attachment, and, on the appearance of a hostile party of Spaniards, rushed forth to die in her defence,

defence, intreating her to receive his departing spirit. He fell in the action; her father shared the same fate: she herself escaped at a postern gate into the woods. Two negroes, laden with spoil, discovered, and seized her. Her cries brought a young Indian, named Cariolano, to her rescue: he shot an arrow into the heart of the first ruffian, and stabbed the second. Glaura expressed her gratitude by receiving her young deliverer as her husband. Before they could regain a place of safety, they were alarmed by the approach of Spaniards. The generous Youth intreated Glaura to conceal herself in a tree, while he ventured to meet the enemy. In her terror she submitted to this expedient, which, on recovery from her panic, she bitterly repented; for when she issued from her retreat, she sought in vain for Cariolano, and supposed, from the clamour she had heard, that he must have perished. She continued to wander in this wretched state of mind, still unable to hear any tidings of her protector. While the fair Indian thus closes her narrative, Ercilla is alarmed by the approach of a large party of Barbarians. One of his faithful Indian attendants, whom he had lately attached to him, intreats him to escape with the utmost haste; adding, that he can save him from pursuit by his knowledge of the country; and that he will risque

his own life most willingly, to preserve that of *Ercilla*. *Glaura* bursts into an agony of joy, in discovering her lost *Cariolano* in this faithful attendant. *Ercilla* exclaims, "Adieu, my friends; I give you both your liberty, which is all I have at present to bestow," and rejoins his little troop. Before he enters on the account of what followed, he relates the circumstance by which he attached *Cariolano* to his service; whom he had found alone, as he himself was marching with a small party, and a few prisoners that he had taken. The Youth at first defended himself, and shot two Spaniards with his arrows, and continued to resist the numbers that pressed upon him with his mantle and his dagger, evading their blows by his extreme agility, and wounding several. *Ercilla* generously rushed in to his rescue, and declared he deserved a reward for his uncommon bravery, instead of being destroyed so unfairly. The Youth, in consequence of this treatment, flung down his dagger, and became the affectionate attendant of *Ercilla*. Our Poet, after relating this incident, returns to the scene where his party was surprized in a hollow road, and severely galled by the enemy, who attacked them with showers of stones from the higher ground. *Ercilla* forces his way up the precipice, and, after dispersing part of the Indian force, effects his escape with
a few

a few followers ; but all are wounded, and obliged to leave their baggage in the possession of their numerous enemies.

C A N T O XXIX.

O P E N S with an encomium on the love of our country, and the signal proofs of this virtue which the Araucanians displayed ; who, notwithstanding their loss of four great battles in the space of three months, still continue firm in their resolution of defending their liberty. Caupolican proposes, in a public assembly, to set fire to their own habitations, and leave themselves no alternative, but that of killing or being killed. The Chieftains all agree in this desperate determination. Tucapel, before they proceed to action against the Spaniards, insists on terminating his difference with Rengo, a rival Chieftain, by a single combat. Aplain is appointed for this purpose : all the people of Arauco assemble as spectators : the Chiefs appear in complete armour, and engage in a most obstinate and bloody conflict.

C A N T O XXX.

A F T E R many dreadful wounds on each side, the two Chieftains, closing with each other,
fall

fall together, and, after a fruitless struggle for victory, remain speechless on the ground. Caupolican, who presided as judge of the combat, descends from his seat, and finding some signs of life in each, orders them to be carried to their respective tents. They recover, and are reconciled. The Spaniards, leaving a garrison in their new fort, under a captain named Reynoso, had proceeded to the city of Imperial. Caupolican endeavours to take advantage of this event. He employs an artful Indian, named Pran, to examine the state of the fort. Pran insinuates himself among the Indian servants belonging to the Spaniards. He views the fort, and endeavours to persuade a servile Indian, named Andresillo, to admit Caupolican and his forces while the Spaniards are sleeping. Andresillo promises to meet Caupolican in secret, and converse with him on this project.

C A N T O XXXI.

OPENS with a spirited invective against treachery in war, and particularly those traitors who betray their country. Andresillo reveals all that had passed to his Spanish captain; who promises him a great reward if he will assist in making the stratagem of the Indians an instrument of destruction

tion to those who contrived it. They concert a plan for this purpose. Andrefillo meets Caupolican in secret, and promises to introduce the Indian forces into the fort when the Spaniards are sleeping in the heat of the day. Pran is sent forward, to learn from Andrefillo if all things are quiet, just before the hour appointed for the assault. He examines the state of the fort, and, finding the Spaniards apparently unprepared for defence, hastens back to the Indian General, who advances by a quick and silent march. The Spaniards in the interim point all their guns, and prepare for the most bloody resistance.

C A N T O XXXII.

AFTER a panegyric on clemency, and a noble censure of those enormous cruelties, by which his countrymen sullied their military fame, the Poet relates the dreadful carnage which ensued as the Indians approached the fort. The Spaniards, after destroying numbers by their artillery, send forth a party of horse, who cut the fugitives to pieces. They inhumanly murder thirteen of their most distinguished prisoners, by blowing them from the mouths of cannon: but none of the confederate Chieftains, whom the Poet has particu-
larly

larly celebrated, were included in this number ; for those high-spirited Barbarians had refused to attend Caupolican in this assault, as they considered it as disgraceful to attack their enemies by surprize. The unfortunate Indian Leader, seeing his forces thus unexpectedly massacred, escapes with ten faithful followers, and wanders through the country in the most calamitous condition. The Spaniards endeavour, by all the means they can devise, to discover his retreat : the faithful inhabitants of Arauco refuse to betray him.

Ercilla, in searching the country with a small party, finds a young wounded female. She informs him, that marching with her husband, she had the misfortune of seeing him perish in the late slaughter ;—that a friendly soldier, in pity to her extreme distress, had tried to end her miserable life in the midst of the confusion, but had failed in his generous design, by giving her an ineffectual wound ;—that she had been removed from the field of battle to that sequestered spot, where she languished in the hourly hope of death, which she now implores from the hand of Ercilla. Our Poet consoles her ; dresses her wound, and leaves one of his attendants to protect her. On his return to the fort, he discourses to his soldiers in praise of the fidelity and spirit displayed by the Indian females,

males, comparing them to the chaste and constant Dido. A young foldier of his train expreffes his furprize on hearing Ercilla commend the Carthaginian Queen for a virtue to which, he conceived, ſhe had no pretence. From hence our Poet takes occaſion to vindicate the injured Eliza from the ſlanderoſ misrepresentation of Virgil ; and flatters himſelf that the love of juſtice, ſo natural to man, will induce every reader to liſten with pleaſure to his defence of the calumniated Queen. He then enters on her *real hiſtory*, and relates circumſtantly her lamentation over the murdered Sichæus, and the artifice by which ſhe eſcaped with her treaſures from her inhuman brother Pygmalion :—ſhe engages many of his attendants to ſhare the chances of her voyage ; and, having collected a ſupply of females from the iſland of Cyprus, ſhe directs her courſe to the coaſt of Africa.

C A N T O XXXIII.

DI D O, as our Poet continues her *more authentic ſtory*, purchaſes her dominion and raiſes her flouriſhing city. The ambaffadors of Iarbas arrive at Carthage, to offer this celebrated Queen the alternative of marriage or war. The Senate, who are firſt informed of the propoſal, being fearful that
the

the chaste resolutions of their fair Sovereign may ruin their country, attempt to engage her, by a singular device, to accept the hand of Iarbas. They tell her, that this haughty Monarch has sent to demand twenty of her privy counsellors to regulate his kingdom; and that, in consideration of their age and infirmities, they must decline so unpleasant a service. The Queen represents to them the danger of their refusal, and the duty which they owe to their country; declaring that she would most readily sacrifice her own life for the safety or advantage of her subjects. The Senators then reveal to her the real demand of Iarbas, and urge the necessity of her marriage for the preservation of the state. The faithful Dido knows not what to resolve, and demands three months to consider of this delicate and important point:—at the close of that period, she assembles her subjects; and, taking leave of them in a very affectionate harangue, declares her resolution to die, as the only means by which she can at once satisfy both Heaven and earth, by discharging her duty to her people, and at the same time preserving her faith inviolate to her departed Sichæus. Invoking his name, she plunges a poniard in her breast; and throws herself on a flaming pile, which had been kindled for a different sacrifice. Her grateful subjects lament her death,

and

and pay divine honours to her memory. “ This * (says our Poet) is the true and genuine story of the famous defamed Dido, whose most honoured chastity has been belied by the inconsiderate Virgil, to embellish his poetical fictions.”

Our Poet returns from this digression on Dido, to the fate of the Indian Leader Caupolican.—One of the prisoners, whom the Spaniards had taken in their search after this unfortunate Chief, is at last tempted by bribes to betray his General. He conducts the Spaniards to a spot near the sequestered retreat of Caupolican, and directs them how to discover it; but refuses to advance with them, overcome by his dread of the Hero whom he is tempted to betray. The Spaniards surround the house in which the Chieftain had taken refuge with his ten faithful associates. Alarmed by a centinel, he prepares for defence; but being

- * Este es el cierto y verdadero cuento,
De la famosa Dido disfamada
Que Virgilio Maron sin miramiento
Falsó su historia y castidad preciada
Por dar a sus ficciones ornamento
Pues vemos que esta Reyna importunada
Pudiéndose casar y no quemarse
Antes quemarse quiso, que casarse.

soon wounded in the arm, surrenders, endeavouring to conceal his high character, and to make the Spaniards believe him an ordinary soldier.

With their accustom'd shouts, and greedy toil,
Our furious troops now riot in their spoil ;
Through the lone village their quick rapine spread,
Nor leave unpillag'd e'en a single shed :
When, from a tent, that, plac'd on safer ground,
The neighbouring hill's uncultur'd summit crown'd,
A woman rush'd, who, in her hasty flight,
Ran through the roughest paths along the rocky
height.

A Negro of our train, who mark'd her way,
Soon made the hapless fugitive his prey ;
For thwarting crags her doubtful steps impede,
And the fair form was ill prepar'd for speed ;
For at her breast she bore her huddled son ;
To fifteen months the infant's life had run :
From our brave captive sprung the blooming boy,
Of both his parents the chief pride and joy.
The Negro carelessly his victim brought,
Nor knew th' important prize his haste had caught.

Our soldiers now, to catch the cooling tide,
Had sallied to the murmuring river's side :

When

When the unhappy Wife beheld her Lord,
 His strong arms bound with a disgraceful cord,
 Stript of each ensign of his past command,
 And led the pris'ner of our shouting band;
 Her anguish burst not into vain complaint,
 No female terrors her firm soul attaint;
 But, breathing fierce disdain, and anger wild,
 Thus she exclaim'd, advancing with her child:

The stronger arm that in this shameful band
 Has tied thy weak effeminated hand,
 Had nobler pity to thy state express'd
 If it had bravely pierc'd that coward breast.
 Wert thou the Warrior whose heroic worth
 So swiftly flew around the spacious earth,
 Whose name alone, unaided by thy arm,
 Shook the remotest clime with fear's alarm?
 Wert thou the Victor whose triumphant strain
 Promis'd with rapid sword to vanquish Spain;
 To make new realms Arauco's power revere,
 And spread her empire o'er the Arctic sphere?
 Wretch that I am! how was my heart deceiv'd,
 In all the noble pride with which it heav'd,
 When through the world my boasted title ran,
 Trefia, the wife of great Caupolican!
 Now, plung'd in misery from the heights of fame,
 My glories end in this detested shame,

To see thee captive in a lonely spot,
When death and honour might have been thy lot !

What now avail thy scenes of happier strife,
So dearly bought by many a nobler life ;
The wondrous feats, that valor scarce believ'd,
By thee with hazard and with toil atchiev'd ?
Where are the vaunted fruits of thy command,
The laurels gather'd by this fetter'd hand ?
All sunk ! all turn'd to this abhorr'd disgrace,
To live the slave of this ignoble race !
Say, had thy soul no strength, thy hand no lance,
To triumph o'er the fickle pow'r of chance ?
Dost thou not know, that, to the Warrior's name,
A gallant exit gives immortal fame ?

Behold the burthen which my breast contains,
Since of thy love no other pledge remains !
Hadst thou in glory's arms resign'd thy breath,
We both had follow'd thee in joyous death :
Take, take thy Son ! he was a tie most dear,
Which spotless love once made my heart revere ;
Take him !—by generous pain, and wounded pride,
The currents of this fruitful breast are dried :
Rear him thyself, for thy gigantic frame,
To woman turn'd, a woman's charge may claim :
A mother's title I no more desire,
Or shameful children from a shameful sire !

As

As thus she spoke, with growing madness stung,
The tender nursing from her arms she flung
With savage fury, hast'ning from our sight,
While anguish seem'd to aid her rapid flight.
Vain were our efforts ; our indignant cries,
Nor gentle prayers, nor angry threats, suffice
To make her breast, where cruel frenzy burn'd,
Receive the little innocent she spurn'd.

The Spaniards, after providing a nurse for this unfortunate child, return with their prisoner Caupolican to their fort, which they enter in triumph.

The Indian General, perceiving that all attempts to conceal his quality are ineffectual, desires a conference with the Spanish Captain Reynoso.

C A N T O XXXIV.

CAUPOLICAN. entreats Reynoso to grant his life, but without any signs of terror. He affirms it will be the only method of appeasing the sanguinary hatred by which the contending nations are inflamed ; and he offers, from his great influence over his country, to introduce the Christian worship, and to bring the Araucanians to

consider themselves as the subjects of the Spanish Monarch. His proposals are rejected, and he is sentenced to be impaled, and shot to death with arrows. He is unappall'd by this decree; but first desires to be publicly baptized: after which ceremony, he is inhumanly led in chains to a scaffold. He displays a calm contempt of death; but, on seeing a wretched Negro appointed his executioner, his indignation bursts forth, and he hurls the Negro from the scaffold, entreating to die by a more honourable hand. His horrid sentence is however executed. He supports the agonies of the stake with patient intrepidity, till a chosen band of archers put a period to his life.

Our brave Ercilla expresses his abhorrence of this atrocious scene; and adds, that if he had been present, this cruel execution should not have taken place.

The consequence of it was such as Caupolican foretold:—the Araucanians determine to revenge his death, and assemble to elect a new General. The Poet makes an abrupt transition from their debate, to relate the adventures of Don Garcia, with whom he was himself marching to explore new regions. The inhabitants of the districts they invade, alarmed at the approach of the Spaniards,

niards, consult on the occasion. - An Indian, named Tunconabala, who had served under the Araucanians, addresses the assembly, and recommends to them a mode of eluding the supposed avaricious designs of the Spaniards, by sending messengers to them, who should assume an appearance of extreme poverty, and represent their country as barren, and thus induce the invaders to turn their arms towards a different quarter. He offers to engage in this service himself. The Indians adopt the project he recommends, and remove their valuable effects to the interior parts of their country.

CANTO XXXV.

DON GARCIA being arrived at the boundaries of Chile, which no Spaniard had passed, encourages his soldiers, in a spirited harangue, to the acquisition of the new provinces which lay before them. They enter a rude and rocky country, in which they are exposed to many hazards by their deceitful guides. Tunconabala meets them, as he had projected, with the appearance of extreme poverty; and, after many assurances of the sterility of that region, advises them to return, or to advance by a different path, which he represents to them as dangerous, but the only practicable road. On

finding them resolved to press forward, he supplies them with a guide. They advance, with great toil and danger. Their guide escapes from them. They continue their march, through various hardships, in a desolate region. They at length discover a fertile plain, and a large lake with many little inhabited islands. As they approach the lake, a large gondola, with twelve oars, advances to meet them : the party it contained leap ashore, and salute the Spaniards with expressions of amity.

CANTO XXXVI.

THE young Chieftain of the gondola supplies the Spaniards with provisions, refusing to accept any reward : and our Poet celebrates all the inhabitants of this region, for their amiable simplicity of manners. He visits one of the principal islands, where he is kindly entertained. He discovers that the lake had a communication with the sea, by a very rough and dangerous channel : this circumstance obliges the Spaniards, though reluctant, to return. They lament the necessity of passing again through the hardships of their former road. A young Indian undertakes to conduct them by an easier way. But our adventurous Ercilla, before the little army set forth on their return, engages

gages ten chosen associates to embark with him in a small vessel, and pass the dangerous channel. He lands on a wild and sandy spot, and, advancing half a mile up the country, engraves a stanza, to record this adventure, on the bark of a tree. He repasses the channel, and rejoins the Spanish troops ; who, after much difficulty, reach the city of Imperial. Our Poet then touches on some particulars of his personal history, which I mention in the slight sketch of his life. He afterwards promises his reader to relate the issue of the debate among the Araucanian Chieftains, on the election of their new General ; but, recollecting in the instant that Spain herself is in arms, he entreats the favour of his Sovereign to inspire him with new spirit, that he may devote himself to that higher and more interesting subject.

CANTO XXXVII.

OUR Poet, in this his last canto, seems to begin a new work. He enters into a discussion of Philip's right to the dominion of Portugal, and his acquisition of that kingdom ; when, sinking under the weight of this new subject, he declares his resolution of leaving it to some happier Poet. He recapitulates the various perils and hardships of

his own life, and, remarking that he has ever been unfortunate, and that all his labours are unrewarded, he consoles himself with the reflection, that honour consists not in the possession of rewards, but in the consciousness of having deserved them. He concludes with a pious resolution to withdraw himself from the vain pursuits of the world, and to devote himself to God.

NOTE XI. VERSE 280.

At once the Bard of Glory and of Love.] The Epic powers of Camoens have received their due honour in our language, by the elegant and spirited

SONETO I.

EM quanto quis Fortuna que tivesse
 Esperanca de algum contentamento,
 O gosto de hum suave pensamento
 Me fez que seus effeytos escrevesse.
 Porèm temendo Amor que aviso desse
 Minha escritura a algum juizo isento,
 Escureccome o engenho co' o tormento,
 Para que seus enganos não dissesse

O vós,

rited translation of Mr. Mickle; but our country is still a stranger to the lighter graces and pathetic sweetness of his shorter compositions. These, as they are illustrated by the Spanish notes of his indefatigable Commentator, *Manuel de Faria*, amount to two volumes in folio. I shall present the reader with a specimen of his Sonnets, for which he is celebrated as the rival of Petrarch. Of the three translations which follow, I am indebted for the two first to an ingenious friend, from whom the public may wish me to have received more extensive obligations of a similar nature. It may be proper to add, that the first Sonnet of Camoens, like that of Petrarch, is a kind of preface to the amorous poetry of its author.

SONNET I.

WHILE on my head kind Fortune deign'd to pour
 Her lavish boons, and through my willing soul
 Made tides of extasy and pleasure roll,
 I sung the raptures of each passing hour.
 But Love, who heard me praise the golden shower,
 Resolv'd my fond presumption to controul;
 And painful darkness o'er my spirit stole,
 Lest I should dare to tell his treacherous power.
 O ye,

O vós, que amor obriga a ser fogeytos
 A diversas vontades ! quando lerdas
 Num breve livro casos taõ diversos ;
 Verdades puras são, & não defeytos.
 Entendey que segundo o amor tiverdes,
 Tircis o entendimento de meus versos,

S O N E T O XIX.

A LMA minha gentil, que te partiste
 Taõ cedo desta vida descontente,
 Repousa lá no ceo eternamente,
 E viva eu cá na terra sempre triste.
 Se lá no assento etereo, onde subiste,
 Memoria desta vida se consente,
 Não te esqueças de aquelle amor ardente
 Que já nos olhos meus taõ puro viste.
 E se vires que póde merecerte
 Algũa cousa a dor que me ficou
 Da magoa, sem remedio, de perderte,
 Roga a Deos que teus annos encurtou,
 Que taõ cedo de cá me leve á verte,
 Quaõ cedo de meus olhos te levou.

O ye, whom his hard yoke compels to bend
To others' will, if in my various lay
Sad plaints ye find, and fears, and cruel wrong,
To suffering nature and to truth attend ;
For in the measure ye have felt his sway,
Your sympathizing hearts will feel my song.

SONNET XIX.

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET'S MISTRESS,
DONNA CATALINA DE ATAIDE,
WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

GO, gentle spirit ! now supremely blest,
From scenes of pain and struggling virtue go :
From thy immortal seat of heavenly rest
Behold us lingering in a world of woe !
And if beyond the grave, to saints above,
Fond memory still the transient past portrays,
Blame not the ardor of my constant love,
Which in these longing eyes was wont to blaze.
But if from virtue's source my sorrows rise,
For the sad loss I never can repair,
Be thine to justify my endless sighs,
And to the Throne of Grace prefer thy prayer,
That Heaven, who made thy span of life so brief,
May shorten mine, and give my soul relief.

SONNET

SONETO LXXII.

QUANDO de minhas magoas a comprida
 Maginaçãõ os olhos me adormece,
 Em sonhos aquella alma me aparece
 Que para mi foy sonho nesta vida.
 Lá numa foidade, onde estendida
 A vista por o campo dèsfallece,
 Corro apos ella ; & ella entãõ parece
 Que maes de mi se alonga, compelida,
 Brado : Naõ me fujays, sombra benina.
 Ella (os olhos em mi c'hum brado pejo,
 Como quem diz, que ja naõ pode fer)
 Torna a fugirme : torno a bradar ; dina :
 E antes q' acabe em mene, acordo, & veja
 Que nem hum breve engano posso ter.

The Spanish Commentator of Camoens considers this vision as the most exquisite Sonnet of his author, and affirms that it is superior to the much longer poem of Petrarch's, on a similar idea. It may amuse a curious reader to compare both Camoens and Petrarch, on this occasion, with Milton, who has also written a Sonnet on the same subject. The Commentator Faria has a very pleasant

SONNET LXXII.

WHile prest with woes from which it cannot flee,
 My fancy sinks, and slumber seals my eyes,
 Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,
 Who was in life but as a dream to me.
 O'er a drear waste, so wide no eye can see
 How far its sense-evading limit lies,
 I follow her quick step; but ah! she flies!
 Our distance widening by stern Fate's decree.
 Fly not from me, kind shadow! I exclaim:
 She, with fix'd eyes, that her soft thoughts reveal,
 And seem to say, "Forbear thy fond design!"
 Still flies:—I call her; but her half-form'd name
 Dies on my falt'ring tongue.—I wake, and feel
 Not e'en one short delusion may be mine.

pleasant remark on this species of composition.
 He vindicates the dignity of the amorous Sonnet,
 by producing an alphabetical list of two hundred
 great Poets, who have thus complimented the
 object of their affection; and he very gravely
 introduces Achilles as the leader of this choir,
 for having celebrated Briseis. If the Sonnets of
 the Portuguese Poet are worthy of attention,
 his

his Elegies are perhaps still more so, as they illustrate many particulars of his interesting life, which ended in 1579, under the most cruel circumstances of neglect and poverty.

Portugal has produced no less than fourteen Epic poems; twelve in her own language, and two in that of Spain. At the head of these stands the *Lusiad* of Camoens. The *Malaca Conquistada* of Francisco de Sa' de Menesis — and the *Ulysses*, or *Lisboa Edificada*, of Gabriel Pereira de Castro, are two of the most eminent among its successors.—For a list of the Portuguese Epic Poets, and for an elegant copy of the *Malaca Conquistada*, I am indebted to the very liberal politeness of the Chevalier de Pinto, the Ambassador of Portugal.

N O T E X I I . V E R S E 287.

Where Eulogy, with one eternal smile.] Though a vain insipidity may be considered as the general characteristic of the French *Eloges*, it is but just to remark, that several of these performances are an honour to the country which produced them; and particularly the little volume of *Eloges* lately published by Mr. D'Alembert. This agreeable Encomiast has varied and enlivened the tone
of

of panegyric by the most happy mixture of amusing anecdote, judicious criticism, and philosophical precept: we may justly say of him, what he himself has said of his predecessor Fontenelle: Il a solidement assuré sa gloire par ces Eloges si intéressans, pleins d'une raison si fine et si profonde, qui font aimer et respecter les lettres, qui inspirent aux génies naissans la plus noble emulation, et qui feront passer le nom de l'auteur à la postérité, avec celui de la compagnie célèbre dont il a été le digne organe, et des grands hommes dont il s'est rendu l'égal en devenant leur panégyriste.

D'Alembert, *Eloge de la Motte*, p. 279.

NOTE XIII. VERSE 302.

No great Examples rise, but many a Rule.] Before the appearance of Bossu's celebrated treatise on Epic poetry, the French had a similar work written in Latin. The learned Jesuit Mambrun published, in 1652, a quarto volume, entitled, *Dissertatio Peripatetica de Epico Carmine*. His Dissertation is founded on the principles of Aristotle, whom he considers as infallible authority; and he introduces the Greek Philosopher to decide the following very curious question, which he argues with becoming gravity, Whether the

the action of a woman can be sufficiently splendid to prove a proper subject for an Epic poem.—Having reasoned on this delicate point, with more learning than gallantry, he thus concludes the debate: *Congruenter magis finem huic quæstioni ponere non licet, quam verbis Aristotelis capite 15 Poeticæ, ubi de moribus disputat, Δεύτερον δέ, τα αρμοττοντα. Εστι γαρ ανδρειον μεν το ηθος, αλλ' εκ' αρμοττον γυναικι, το ανδρειαν η δεινην ειναι*—id est, secunda proprietas morum est, ut sint congruentes, ut esse fortem mos est aliquis; at non congruit mulieri fortem esse aut terribilem ut vertit Riccobonus, vel *prudentem* ut Pacius. The latter interpretation of the word *δεινην* would render the decision of these Philosophers very severe indeed on the Female character, by supposing it incapable of displaying both fortitude and prudence.—The Fair Sex have found an advocate, on this occasion, in a French Epic Poet. The famous Chapelain, in the preface to his unfortunate Pucelle, has very warmly attacked these ungallant maxims of Mambrun and Aristotle. In speaking of certain critics, who had censured the choice of his subject, before the publication of his poem, he says, *Ceux-cy, jurant sur le texte d'Aristote, maintiennent que la femme est une erreur de la nature, qui ayant toujours intention de*
faire

faire un homme, s'arreste souvent en chemin, et se voit contrainte, par la resistance de la matiere, de laisser son dessein imparfait. Ils tiennent la force corporelle tellement necessaire, dans la composition d'un heros, que quand il n'y auroit autre defaut à reprocher à la femme, ils luy en refuseroient le nom, pour cela seulement, qu'elle n'a pas la vigueur d'un Athlete, et que la mollesse de sa complexion l'empesche de pouvoir durer au travail. Ils n'estiment ce Sexe capable d'aucune pensée heroique, dans la creance que l'esprit suit le temperament du corps, et que, dans le corps de la femme, l'esprit ne peut rien concevoir, qui ne se sente de sa foiblesse. — — — Ces Messieurs me pardonneront, toutefois, si je leur dis qu'ils ne considerent pas trop bien quelle est la nature de la vertu heroique, qu'ils en definissent l'essence, par un de ses moindres accidens, et qu'ils en font plutost une vertu brutale, qu'une vertu divine. — — — Ils se devroient souvenir que cette vertu n'a presque rien à faire avec le corps, et qu'elle consiste, non dans les efforts d'un Milon de Crotone, où l'esprit n'a aucune part, mais en ceux des ames nées pour les grandes choses ; quand par une ardeur plusqu' humaine, elles s'elevant audeffus d'elles-mesmes ; qu'elles forment quelque dessein, dont l'utilité est aussi grande que la difficulté, et qu'elles choisissent les moyens de l'executer avec

VOL. IV. O constance

constance et hauteur de courage. Pour prevenir qu'ils soient en faveurs des hommes, je ne pense pas qu'ils voulussent attribuer à leur ame un seul avantage, auquel l'ame de la femme ne pût aspirer, ni faire deux especes des deux sexes, desquels la raison de tous les sages n'a fait qu'une jusqu'icy—je ne croy pas non plus qu'ils imaginent que les vertus morales ayent leur siege ailleurs, que dans la volonté, ou dans l'entendement. Mais si elles y ont leur siege, et si l'on ne peut dire que ces deux facultés soient autres, dans l'ame de la femme que dans l'ame de l'homme, ils ne peuvent, sans absurdité, accorder une de ces vertus à l'homme, et ne l'accorder pas à la femme. En effet, cette belle pensée d'Aristote qui a donné occasion à leur erreur, est si peu physique, qu'elle fait plus de tort à la philosophie du Lycée, qu'elle n'appuye l'opinion de ceux que nous combattons." Chapelain then enters into an historical defence of Female dignity, and opposes the authority of Plato to that of Aristotle, concerning the propriety of women's ever appearing on the great theatre of active life. Happy had he supported the Female cause as forcibly, in the execution of his poem, as in the arguments of his preface: but Chapelain was unfortunately one of the many examples, which every country affords, that the most perfect union of virtue and erudition is utterly insufficient to form.

form a Poet; and, as he had the ill fate to be persecuted by the pitiless rigour of Boileau, his inharmonious poem can never sink into a desirable oblivion. The treatise of Mambrun seems to have excited, among the French, an eagerness to distinguish themselves in the field of Epic poetry; for several Epic poems were published in France in a few years after that work appeared; but most of them, and particularly those on scriptural subjects, were hardly ever known to exist.

Le Jonas inconnu sèche dans la pousfiere,
 Le David imprimé n'a point vu la lumiere,
 Le Moïse commence à moisir par les bords.

BOILEAU, Sat. ix.

The Alaric of Scudery, and the Clovis of Desmarests, can scarce be reckoned more fortunate; but in this band of unsuccessful Epic writers, there was one Poet, of whom even the severe Boileau could not allow himself to speak ill; this was Le Moine, the author of St. Louis. The Satirist being asked, why he had never mentioned the poetry of Le Moine? replied with the two following verses, parodied from Corneille,

Il s'est trop élevé pour en dire du mal,
 Il s'est trop égaré pour en dire du bien.

The judicious and candid Heyne has bestowed considerable applause on Le Moine, in one of his notes to the 6th book of Virgil, where he examines the different methods by which the Epic Poets have introduced their various pictures of futurity. From his account, Le Moine excels in this article. I can speak only from the opinion of this learned Critic, for the neglected French Poet is become so rare, that I have sought in vain for a copy of his work.—The number of obscure Epic writers in France is very trifling, compared to those which Italy has produced; the Italians have been indefatigable in this species of composition, and, as if they had resolved to leave no Hero unsung, their celebrated Novelist, Giraldi Cinthio, has written an Epic poem, in twenty-six cantos, on the exploits of Hercules.

NOTE XIV. VERSE 304.

Keen Boileau shall not want his proper praise.]
 Nicolas Boileau Despreaux was born in or near Paris, for it is a contested point, on the first of November 1636, and died in March 1711, of a dropsy, the very disease which terminated the life of his English rival. The Lutrín of Boileau, still considered by some French Critics of the present time as the best poem to which France has given

given birth, was first published in 1674. It is with great reason and justice that Voltaire confesses the *Lutrin* inferior to the *Rape of the Lock*. Few Poets can be so properly compared as Pope and Boileau; and, wherever their writings will admit of comparison, we may, without any national partiality, adjudge the superiority to the English Bard. These two great authors resembled each other as much in the integrity of their lives, as in the subjects and execution of their several compositions. There are two actions recorded of Boileau, which sufficiently prove that the inexorable Satirist had a most generous and friendly heart; when Patru, the celebrated Advocate, who was ruined by his passion for literature, found himself under the painful necessity of selling his expensive library, and had almost agreed to part with it for a moderate sum, Boileau gave him a much superior price; and, after paying the money, added this condition to the purchase, that Patru should retain, during his life, the possession of the books. The succeeding instance of the Poet's generosity is yet nobler; — when it was rumoured at court that the King intended to retrench the pension of Corneille, Boileau hastened to Madame de Montespan, and said, that his Sovereign, equitable as he was, could not, without injustice, grant a pension to an author like himself, just ascending Parnas-

fus, and take it from Corneille, who had so long been seated on the summit; that he entreated her, for the honour of the King, to prevail on his Majesty rather to strike off *his* pension, than to withdraw that reward from a man whose title to it was incomparably greater; and that he should more easily console himself under the loss of that distinction, than under the affliction of seeing it taken away from such a Poet as Corneille. This magnanimous application had the success which it deserved, and it appears the more noble, when we recollect that the rival of Corneille was the intimate friend of Boileau.

The long and unreserved intercourse which subsisted between our Poet and Racine was highly beneficial and honourable to both. The dying farewell of the latter is the most expressive eulogy on the private character of Boileau: *Je regarde comme un bonheur pour moi de mourir avant vous*, said the tender Racine, in taking a final leave of his faithful and generous friend.

NOTE XV. VERSE 313.

Nor, gentle Gresset, shall thy sprightly rhyme.]
This elegant and amiable writer was born at Amiens, and educated in the society of the Jesuits, to whom he has paid a grateful compliment in bidding

ding, them adieu. At the age of twenty-six he published his *Ver-vert*, a poem in four cantos, which commemorates

La cause infortunée

D'un Perroquet non moins brillant qu' Enée :
Non moins dévot, plus malheureux que lui.

Voltaire has spoken invidiously of this delightful performance ; but a spirited French Critic has very justly vindicated the merits of Gresset in the following remark : — Le *Ver-vert* sera toujours un poeme charmant et inimitable, sans fouiller sa plume par l'impiété et la licence qui deshonorent celle de l'auteur de *La Pucelle*, le Poete a su y répandre un agrément, une fraîcheur et une vivacité de coloris, qui le rendent aussi piquant dans les détails, qu'il est riche et ingénieux dans la fiction. On placera toujours cet agreable badinage parmi les productions originales, propres à faire aimer des etrangers la gaieté Françoisse en écartant toute mauvaise idée de nos mœurs,

NOTE XVI. VERSE 325.

See lovely Boccage, in ambition strong.] Madame du Boccage is known to the English reader as the correspondent of Lord Chesterfield. This ingenious and spirited Lady has written three poems of

the Epic kind—*Le Paradis Terrestre*, in six cantos, from Milton; *La Mort d'Abel*, in five cantos, from Gesner; and a more original composition, in ten cantos, on the exploits of Columbus. I have alluded to a passage in the last poem, where Zama, the daughter of an Indian Chief, is thus described :

Comme Eve, elle étoit nue; une égale innocence
L'offre aux regards sans honte, et voile ses appas;
Les Graces qu'elle ignore accompagnent ses pas,
Et pour tout vêtement, en formant sa parure,
D'un plumage azuré couvrent sa ceinture.

The works of this elegant female Poet contain an animated version of Pope's *Temple of Fame*. And she has added to her poetry an account of her travels through England, Holland, and Italy, in a series of entertaining letters, addressed to Madame du Perron, her sister.

NOTE XVII. VERSE 344.

To swell the glory of her great Voltaire.] Though the *Henriade* has been frequently reprinted, and the partizans of Voltaire have endeavoured to make it a national point of honour to support its reputation, it seems at length to be sinking under that neglect and oblivion, which never fail to overtake every feeble offspring of the Epic Muse.
Several

Several of our most eminent Critics have attacked this performance with peculiar severity, and some have condemned it on the most opposite principles, merely because it does not coincide with their respective systems. Their sentence has been passed only in short and incidental remarks; but a French writer, inflamed by personal animosity against Voltaire, has raised three octavo volumes on the defects of this single poem. Mr. Clement, in his “*Entretiens sur le Poeme Epique relativement à la Henriade,*” has endeavoured to prove it utterly deficient in all the essential points of Epic poetry; —in the structure of its general plan, in the conduct of its various parts, in sentiment, in character, in style. His work indeed displays an acrimonious detestation of the Poet whom he examines; and perhaps there is hardly any human composition which could support the scrutiny of so rigid an inquisitor: the *Henriade* is utterly unequal to it; for in many articles we are obliged to confess, that the justice of the Critic is not inferior to his severity. He discovers, in his dissection of the Poem, the skill of an anatomist, with the malignity of an assassin. If any thing can deserve such rigorous treatment, it is certainly the artifice of Voltaire, who, in his Essay on Epic Poetry, has attempted, with much ingenuity, to sink the reputation of all the great Epic Writers, that he might raise himself

to their level ; an attempt in which no author can ultimately succeed ; for, as D'Alembert has admirably remarked on a different occasion, *Le public laissera l'amour propre de chaque ecrivain faire son plaidoyer, rira de leurs efforts, non de genie, mais de raisonnement, pour hausser leur place, et finira par mettre chacun à la sienne.*

NOTE XVIII. VERSE 475.

And, shrouded in a mist of moral spleen.] It seems to be the peculiar infelicity of Pope, that his moral virtues have had a tendency to diminish his poetical reputation. Possessing a benevolent spirit, and wishing to make the art to which he devoted his life, as serviceable as he could to the great interests of mankind, he soon quitted the higher regions of poetry, for the more level, and more frequented field of Ethics and of Satire. He declares, with a noble pride arising from the probity of his intention,

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song.

The severity of Criticism has from hence inferred, that his imagination was inferior to the other faculties of his mind, and that he possessed not that vigour of genius which might enable him to rank with our more sublime and 'pathetic Bards. This inference,

inference appears to me extremely defective both in candour and in reason; it would surely be more generous, and I will venture to add, more just, to assign very different causes for his having latterly applied himself to moral and satyric composition. If his preceding poems displayed only a moderate portion of fancy and of tenderness, we might indeed very fairly conjecture, that he quitted the kind of poetry, where these qualities are particularly required, because Nature directed him to shine only as the Poet of reason.—But his earlier productions will authorize an opposite conclusion. At an age when few authors have produced any capital work, Pope gave the world two poems, one the offspring of imagination, and the other of sensibility, which will ever stand at the head of the two poetical classes to which they belong: his *Rape of the Lock*, and his *Eloise*, have nothing to fear from any rivals, either of past or of future time. When a writer has displayed such early proofs of exquisite fancy, and of tender enthusiasm, those great constituents of the real Poet, ought we not to regret that he did not give a greater scope and freer exercise to these qualities, rather than to assert that he did not possess them in a superlative degree? Why then, it may be asked, did he confine himself to compositions in which these have little share? The life and character of Pope will perfectly explain

plain the reasons, why he did not always follow the higher suggestions of his own natural genius. He had entertained an opinion, that by stooping to truth, and employing his talents on the vices and follies of the passing time, he should be most able to benefit mankind. The idea was perhaps ill-founded, but his conduct in consequence of it was certainly noble. Its effects however were most unhappy ; for it took from him all his enjoyment of life, and may injure, in some degree, his immortal reputation : by suffering his thoughts to dwell too much on knaves and fools, he fell into the splenetic delusion, that the world is nothing but a compound of vice and folly ; and from hence he has been reproached for supposing that all human merit was confined to himself, and to a few of his most intimate correspondents.

There was an amiable peculiarity in the character of Pope, which had great influence both on his conduct and composition—he embraced the sentiments of those he loved with a kind of superstitious regard ; his imagination and his judgment were perpetually the dupes of an affectionate heart : it was this which led him, at the request of his idol Bolingbroke, to write a sublime poem on metaphysical ideas which he did not perfectly comprehend ; it was this which urged him almost to quarrel with Mr. Allen, in compliance with the caprices of a
female

female friend ; it was this which induced him, in the warmth of gratitude, to follow the absurd hints of Warburton with all the blindness of infatuated affection. Whoever examines the life and writings of Pope with a minute and unprejudiced attention, will find that his excellencies, both as a Poet and a Man, were peculiarly his own ; and that his failings were chiefly owing to the ill judgment, or the artifice, of his real and pretended friends. The lavish applause and the advice of his favourite Atterbury, were perhaps the cause of his preserving the famous character of Addison, which, finely written as it is, all the lovers of Pope must wish him to have suppressed. Few of his friends had integrity or frankness sufficient to persuade him, that his satires would destroy the tranquillity of his life, and cloud the lustre of his fame : yet, to the honour of Lyttelton, be it remembered, that he suggested such ideas to the Poet, in the verses which he wrote to him from Rome, with all the becoming zeal of enlightened friendship :

No more let meaner Satire dim the rays
 That flow majestic from thy nobler bays !
 In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way !
 Nor, when each soft, engaging Muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine !

This

This generous admonition did not indeed produce its intended effect, for other counsellors had given a different bias to the mind of the Poet, and the malignity of his enemies had exasperated his temper ; yet he afterwards turned his thoughts towards the composition of a national Epic poem, and possibly in consequence of the hint which this Epistle of Lyttelton contains. The intention was formed too late, for it arose in his decline of life. Had he possessed health and leisure to execute such a work, I am persuaded it would have proved a glorious acquisition to the literature of our country : the subject indeed which he had chosen must be allowed to have an unpromising appearance ; but the opinion of Addison concerning his Sylphs, which was surely honest, and not invidious, may teach us hardly ever to decide against the intended works of a superior genius. Yet in all the Arts, we are perpetually tempted to pronounce such decisions. I have frequently condemned subjects which my friend Romney had selected for the pencil ; but in the sequel, my opinion only proved that I was near-sighted in those regions of imagination, where his keener eyes commanded all the prospect.

N O T E S

T O T H E

F O U R T H E P I S T L E.

N O T E I. V E R S E 103.

PROCEED, ye Sisters of the tuneful Shell.] For the advice which I have thus ventured to give such of my fair readers as have a talent for poetry, I shall produce them a much higher poetical authority. In the age of Petrarch, an Italian Lady, named Giustina Perrot, was desirous of distinguishing herself by this pleasing accomplishment; but the remarks of the world, which represented it

as improper for her sex, discouraged her so far, that she was almost tempted to relinquish her favourite pursuit. In her doubts on this point, she consulted the celebrated Poet of her country in an elegant

IO vorrei pur drizzar queste mie piume
 Colà, Signor, dove il desio n'invita,
 E dopo morte rimaner' in vita
 Col chiaro di virtùte inclyto lume
 Ma' volgo inerte, che dal rio costume
 Vinto, ha d'ogni suo ben la via smarrita,
 Come degna di biasmo ogn' hor m' addita
 Ch' ir tenti d' Elicona al sacro fiume.
 All ago, al fuso, più ch' al lauro, o al mirto,
 Come che qui non sia la gloria mia,
 Vuol ch' habbia sempre questa mente intesa.
 Dimmi tu hormai, che per più dritta via
 A Parnasso t' en vai, nobile spirto,
 Dovrò dunque lasciar sì degna impresa?

elegant Sonnet; and received his answer on the interesting subject in the same poetical form. I shall add the two Sonnets, with an imitation of each :

THE SONNET OF GIUSTINA TO PETRARCH.

GLADLY would I exchange inglorious ease
For future fame, the Poet's fond desire !
And still to live, in spite of death, aspire
By Virtue's light, that darkness cannot seize :
But, stupified by Custom's blank decrees,
The idle vulgar, void of liberal fire,
Bid me, with scorn, from Helicon retire,
And rudely blame my generous hope to please.
Distaffs, not laurels, to your sex belong,
They cry—as honour were beyond our view :
To such low cares they wish my spirit bent.
Say thou ! who marchest, 'mid the favor'd few,
To high Parnassus, with triumphant song,
Should I abandon such a fair intent ?

LA gola, e 'l sonno, e l' oziose piume
 Hanno del mondo ogni virtù sbandita,
 Ond' è dal corso suo quasi smarrita
 Nostra natura vinta dal costume :
 Ed è sì spento ogni benigno lume
 Del ciel, per cui s' informa umana vita,
 Che per cosa mirabile s' addita
 Chi vuol far d' Elicon nascer fiume.
 Qual vaghezza di lauro, qual di mirto ?
 Povera e nuda vai filosofia,
 Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.
 Pochi compagni avrai per l'altra via
 Tanto ti prego più, gentile spirto,
 Non lasciar la magnanima tua impresa !

NOTE II. VERSE 210.

As wounded Learning blushes to recite !] Milton sold the copy of *Paradise Lost* for the sum of five pounds, on the condition of receiving fifteen

THE ANSWER OF PETRARCH.

LUXURIOUS pleasure, and lethargic ease
 Have deaden'd in the world each bright desire ;
 Our thoughts no more with Nature's force aspire ;
 Custom's cold powers the drooping fancy seize :
 So lost each light that taught the soul to please,
 Each heavenly spark of life-directing fire,
 That all, who join the Heliconian choir,
 Are frantic deem'd by Folly's dull decrees.
 What charms, what worth to Laurel-wreaths belong ?
 Naked and poor Philosophy we view,
 Exclaims the crowd, on sordid gain intent.—
 Associates in thy path thou'lt find but few ;
 The more I pray thee, Nymph of graceful song,
 Indulge thy spirit in its noble bent !

pounds more at three subsequent periods, to be regulated by the sale of the Poem.—For the ceiling at Whitehall, Rubens received three thousand pounds.

N O T E I I I . V E R S E 298.

Receive the Laurel from Imperial Charles !] Ariosto is said to have been publicly crowned with laurel at Mantua, by the Emperor Charles the Vth, towards the end of the year 1532. This fact has been disputed by various writers, but it seems to be sufficiently established by the researches of Mazzuchelli.

The custom of crowning Poets with laurel is almost as ancient as poetry itself, says the Abbé du Refnel, in his *Recherches sur les Poetes couronnez*, a work which contains but scanty information on this curious topic. Petrarch is generally supposed to have revived this ancient solemnity, which had been abolished as a pagan institution in the reign of the Emperor Theodosius. It appears however, from two passages in the writings of Boccacio, that Dante had entertained serious thoughts of this honourable distinction, which his exile precluded him from receiving, as he chose, says his Biographer, to be crown'd only in his native city.

An amusing volume might be written on the honours which have been paid to Poets in different ages, and in various parts of the world. It is remarkable, that the most unpolished nations have been the most lavish in rewarding their Bards.

There are two instances on record, in which poetical talents have raised their possessors even to sovereign dominion. The Scythians chose the Poet Thamyras for their king, though he was not a native of their country, ἐπὶ τοσούτον ἤκε κιθαρωδίας, ὡς καὶ βασιλεὺς ὄφων, καὶ περ ἐπηλύτον οὐτά, Σκυθᾶς ποιησασθαι. Hist. Poet. Script. Edit. Gale, p. 250. Saxo Grammaticus begins the sixth book of his History by relating, that the Danes bestowed their vacant diadem on the Poet Hiarnus, as a reward for his having composed the best epitaph on their deceased sovereign Frotho. From the four Latin verses which the Historian has given us, as a translation of this extraordinary epitaph, we may venture to affirm, that the poetical monarch obtained his crown on very easy conditions.

NOTE IV. VERSE 314.

For him her fountains gush with golden streams.]
Of the great wealth which flowed into the hands of this extraordinary Poet, his friend and biographer Montalvan has given a particular account. This author concludes that Lope de Vega gained by his dramatic works alone a sum nearly equal to 20,000 pounds sterling; the revenue arising from

the posts he held, and from his pension, was very considerable. His opulence was much encreased by the most splendid instances of private liberality. He received many costly presents from various characters to whom he was personally unknown; and he was himself heard to say, in speaking of his generous patron, that the Duke of Sessa alone had given him, at different periods of his life, sums almost amounting to six thousand pounds.

It must be confessed, that the noble patrons of English poetry have not equalled this example of Spanish munificence, even if we admit the truth of our traditionary anecdotes concerning the generosity of Lord Southampton to Shakespeare, and of Sir Philip Sidney to Spenser. Considering the liberality for which our nation is so justly celebrated, it is remarkable, that not a single English Poet appears to have been enriched by our monarchs; yet Spenser had every claim to the bounty of Elizabeth; he sung her praises in a strain which might gratify her pride; and of all who have flattered the great, he may justly be considered as the most worthy of reward. His song was the tribute of his heart as well as of his fancy, and the sex of his idol may be said to purify his incense from all the offensive particles of servile adulation. The neglect which he experienced from the vain, imperious,

perious, and ungrateful Elizabeth, appears the more striking, when we recollect, that her lovely rival, the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots, signalized her superior generosity by a magnificent present of plate to the French Poet Ronsard. This neglected Bard was once the darling of France, and perhaps equalled Lope de Vega in the honours which he received: his sovereign, Charles the Ninth, composed some elegant verses in his praise, and the city of Toulouse presented him with a Minerva of massive silver.

If our princes and nobles have not equalled those of other kingdoms in liberality to the great Poets of their country, England may yet boast the name of a private gentleman, who discovered in this respect a most princely spirit; no nation, either ancient or modern, can produce an example of munificence more truly noble than the annual gratuity which Akenfide received from Mr. Dyson; a tribute of generous and affectionate admiration, endeared to its worthy possessor by every consideration which could make it honourable both to himself and to his patron!

It has been lately lamented by an elegant and accomplished writer, who had too much reason for the complaint, that “the profession of Literature,” “by far the most laborious of any, leads to no

“ real benefit.” Experience undoubtedly proves that it has a general tendency to impoverish its votaries ; and the legislators of every country would act perhaps a wise, at all events an honourable part, if they corrected this tendency, by establishing public emoluments for such as eminently distinguish themselves in the various branches of science. It is surely possible to form such an establishment, which, without proving a national burthen, might aggrandize the literary glory of the nation, by preserving her men of letters from the evils so frequently connected with their pursuits, by securing, to those who deserve it, the possession of ease and honour, without damping their emulation, or destroying their independence.

NOTES

TO THE

FIFTH EPISTLE.

NOTE I. VERSE 76.

THE loose Petronius gave the maxim birth.]

Aristotle has said but little, in his Poetics, concerning that weighty point, which has so much employed and embarrassed the modern Critics—the machinery of the Epic poem; and the little which he has said might rather furnish an argument for its exclusion, than justify its use. But Rome, in her most degenerate days, produced a writer, to whose authority, contemptible as it is, most frequent appeals have been made in this curious literary

rary question. In almost every modern author who has touched, however slightly, on Epic poetry, we may find at least some part of the following sentence from Petronius Arbiter :—*Ecce, belli civilis ingens opus quisquis attigerit, nisi plenus litteris, sub onere labetur. Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt, quod longe melius historici faciunt ; sed per ambages, deorumque ministeria, & fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus ; ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testibus fides.*

These remarks on the necessity of celestial agents, were evidently made to depreciate the *Pharsalia* of Lucan ; and Petronius may be called a fair Critic, as Pope said of Milbourne, on his opposition to Dryden, because he produces his own poetry in contrast to that which he condemns. His specimen of the manner in which he thought an Epic poem should be conducted, sufficiently proves the absurdity of his criticism ; for how insipid is the fable in those verses which he has opposed to the *Pharsalia*, when compared to the first book of Lucan ! Yet the Epic composition of Petronius has not wanted admirers : a Dutch Commentator is bold enough to say, that he prefers this single rhapsody to three hundred volumes of such poetry as
Lucan's ;

Lucan's: an opinion which can only lead us to exclaim with Boileau,

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.

If men of letters, in the age of Lucan, differed in their sentiments concerning machinery, the great changes that have since happened in the world, and the disquisitions which have appeared on the subject, are very far from having reconciled the judgment of modern writers on this important article. Two eminent Critics of the present time have delivered opinions on this topic so singularly opposite to each other, that I shall transcribe them both.

“ In a theatrical entertainment, which employ
 “ both the eye and the ear, it would be a gross
 “ absurdity to introduce upon the stage superior
 “ Beings in a visible shape. There is not place for
 “ such objection in an Epic poem; and Boileau,
 “ with many other Critics, declares strongly for
 “ that sort of machinery in an Epic poem. But
 “ waving authority, which is apt to impose upon
 “ the judgment, let us draw what light we can
 “ from reason. I begin with a preliminary re-
 “ mark, that this matter is but indistinctly han-
 “ dled

“ dled by Critics. The poetical privilege of ani-
 “ mating insensible objects for enlivening a descrip-
 “ tion, is very different from what is termed *ma-*
 “ *chinery*, where deities, angels, devils, or other
 “ supernatural powers, are introduced as real per-
 “ sonages, mixing in the action, and contributing
 “ to the catastrophe; and yet these two things
 “ are constantly jumbled together in the reason-
 “ ing. The former is founded on a natural princi-
 “ ple; but can the latter claim the same autho-
 “ rity? So far from it, that nothing is more unna-
 “ tural. Its effects at the same time are deplora-
 “ ble. First, it gives an air of fiction to the whole,
 “ and prevents that impression of reality which is
 “ requisite to interest our affections, and to move
 “ our passions; which of itself is sufficient to
 “ explode machinery, whatever entertainment it
 “ may afford to readers of a fantastic taste or irre-
 “ gular imagination. And next, were it possible,
 “ by disguising the fiction, to delude us into a
 “ notion of reality, which I think can hardly be,
 “ an insuperable objection would still remain,
 “ which is, that the aim or end of an Epic poem
 “ can never be attained in any perfection where
 “ machinery is introduced; for an evident reason,
 “ that virtuous emotions cannot be raised success-
 “ fully, but by the actions of those who are en-
 “ dued

“ dued with passions and affections like our own,
 “ that is, by human actions : and as for moral in-
 “ struction, it is clear that none can be drawn from
 “ Beings who act not upon the same principles
 “ with us. Homer, it is true, introduces the Gods
 “ into his fable ; but the religion of his country
 “ authorized that liberty ; it being an article in
 “ the Grecian creed, that the Gods often interpose
 “ visibly and bodily in human affairs. I must,
 “ however, observe, that Homer’s Deities do no
 “ honour to his poems. Fictions that transgress
 “ the bounds of nature seldom have a good effect ;
 “ they may inflame the imagination for a moment,
 “ but will not be relished by any person of a cor-
 “ rect taste. They may be of some use to the lower
 “ rank of writers ; but an author of genius has
 “ much finer materials of nature’s production
 “ for elevating his subject, and making it interest-
 “ ing. — Voltaire, in his Essay upon Epic Poe-
 “ try, talking of the Pharsalia, observes judici-
 “ ously, that the proximity of time, the notoriety
 “ of events, the character of the age, enlightened
 “ and political, joined with the solidity of Lucan’s
 “ subject, deprived him of all liberty of poetical
 “ fiction. Is it not amazing, that a Critic who
 “ reasons so justly with respect to others, can be so
 “ blind

“ blind with respect to himself? Voltaire, not sa-
 “ tisfied to enrich his language with images drawn
 “ from invifible and fuperior Beings, introduces
 “ them into the action. In the fixth canto of the
 “ Henriade, St. Louis appears in perfon, and ter-
 “ rifies the foldiers; in the feventh canto, St.
 “ Louis fends the God of Sleep to Henry; and in
 “ the tenth, the demons of Difcord, Fanaticifm,
 “ War, &c. affift Aumale in a fingle combat with
 “ Turenne, and are driven away by a good angel
 “ brandifhing the fword of God. To blend fuch
 “ fictitious perfonages in the fame action with
 “ mortals, makes a bad figure at any rate, and is
 “ intolerable in a hiftory fo recent as that of Henry
 “ IV. This fingly is fufficient to make the Hen-
 “ riade a fhort-lived poem, were it otherwife pos-
 “ fefled of every beauty.”—*Elements of Criticifm*,
 vol. ii. p. 389, 4th edition.

“ The Pagan Gods and Gothic Fairies were
 “ equally out of credit when Milton wrote. He
 “ did well therefore to fupply their room with An-
 “ gels and Devils. If thefe too fhould wear out of
 “ the popular creed (and they feem in a hopeful
 “ way, from the liberty fome late Critics have
 “ taken with them) I know not what other expe-
 “ dients

“dients the Epic Poet might have recourse to ; but
 “this I know—the Pomp of verse, the energy of
 “description, and even the finest moral paintings,
 “would stand him in no stead. Without *admira-*
 “*tion* (which cannot be effected but by the mar-
 “vellous of celestial intervention, I mean the
 “agency of superior natures really existing, or by
 “the illusion of the fancy taken to be so) no Epic
 “poem can be long-lived. I am not afraid to in-
 “stance in the *Henriade* itself, which, notwith-
 “standing the elegance of the composition, will
 “in a short time be no more read than the
 “*Gondibert* of Sir W. Davenant, and for the
 “same reason.”—*Letters on Chivalry and Ro-*
mance, Letter X.

I have thus ventured to confront these eminent
 critical antagonists, that, while they engage and
 overthrow each other, we may observe the injustice
 produced by the spirit of systematical criticism, even
 in authors most respectable for their talents and
 erudition.—Here is the unfortunate Voltaire placed
 between two critical fires, which equally destroy
 him. The *first* Critic asserts that the *Henriade*
 must be short-lived, because the Poet *has in-*
troduced invisible and superior agents ;—the *second*
 denounces the same fate against it, because *it wants*
 the

the *agency of superior natures*: yet surely every reader of Poetry, who is not influenced by any particular system, will readily allow, that if Voltaire had treated his subject with true Epic spirit in all other points, neither the introduction nor the absence of St. Louis could be singly sufficient to plunge the *Henriade* in oblivion. Indeed the learned author, who has spoken in so peremptory a manner concerning the necessity of supernatural agents to preserve the existence of an Epic poem, appears rather unfortunate in the two examples by which he endeavours to support his doctrine; for the Epic poems both of Davenant and Voltaire have sufficient defects to account for any neglect which may be their lot, without considering the article of Machinery.

If I have warmly opposed any decisions of this exalted Critic, it is from a persuasion (in which I may perhaps be mistaken) that *some* of his maxims have a strong tendency to injure an art highly dear to us both; an art on which his genius and learning have cast *many* rays of pleasing and of useful light.

NOTE II. VERSE 166.

But howling dogs the fancied Orpheus tore.]
 This anecdote of Neanthus, the son of King Pit-tacus, is related by Lucian. The curious reader may find it in the second volume of Dr. Francklin's spirited translation of that lively author, page 355 of the quarto edition.

NOTE III. VERSE 276.

And spotless Laurels in that field be won.] The Indian mythology, as it has lately been illustrated in the writings of Mr. Holwell, is finely calculated to answer the purpose of any poetical genius who may wish to introduce new machinery into the serious Epic Poem. Besides the powerful charm of novelty, it would have the advantage of not clashing with our national religion; for the endeavours of Mr. Holwell to reconcile the ancient and pure doctrine of Bramah with the dispensation of Christ, have so far succeeded, that if his system does not satisfy a theologist, it certainly affords a sufficient basis for the structure of a Poem. In perusing his account of the Indian scripture, every reader of
 VOL. IV. Q imagination

imagination may, I think, perceive, that the Shaftah might fupply a poetical fpirit with as rich a mafs of ideal treasure as fancy could wifh to work upon.—An Epic Poet, defirous of laying the fcene of his action in India, would be more embarrassed to find interefting Heroes than proper Divinities.—Had juftice and generofity infpired and guided that Englifh valour, which has fignalized itfelf on the plains of Indoftan ; had the arms of our country been employed to deliver the native Indians from the oppreffive ufurpation of the Mahometan powers ; fuch exploits would prefent to the Epic Mufe a fubject truly noble, and the mythology of the Eaft might enrich it with the moft fplendid decorations. Whether it be poffible or not to find fuch a fubject in the records of our Indian hiftory, I leave the reader to determine.—Our great Hiftorian of the Roman empire has intimated, in a note to the firft volume of his immortal work, that “ the wonderful expedition of Odin, “ which deduces the enmity of the Goths and Romans from fo memorable a caufe, might fupply the “ noble ground-work of an Epic poem.” The idea is certainly both juft and fplendid. Had Gray been ever tempted to engage in fuch a work, he would probably have convinced us, that the Northern mythology has ftill fufficient power to feize and enchant

chant the imagination, as much in Epic as in Lyric composition.

It may amuse our speculative Critics, to consider how far the *religious Gothic fables* should be introduced or rejected, to render such a performance most interesting to a modern reader. Few judges would agree in their sentiments on the question; and perhaps the great dispute concerning Machinery cannot be fairly adjusted, till some happy genius shall possess ambition and perseverance enough to execute two Epic poems, in the one adopting and in the other rejecting, supernatural agents; for Reason alone is by no means an infallible conductor in the province of Fancy; and in the poetical as well as the philosophical world, experiment is the surest guide to truth.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 N. 5TH ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

1908

1909

1910

1911

1912

1913

1914

1915

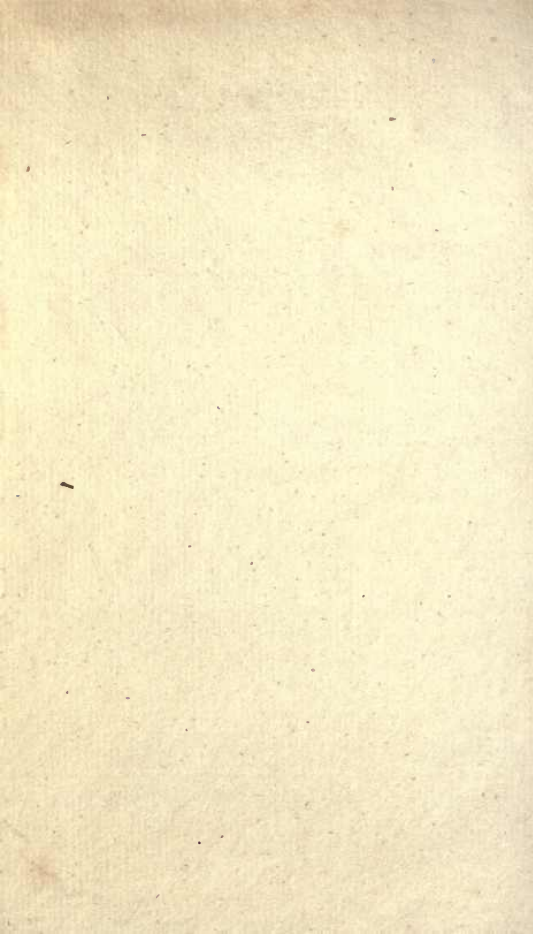
1916

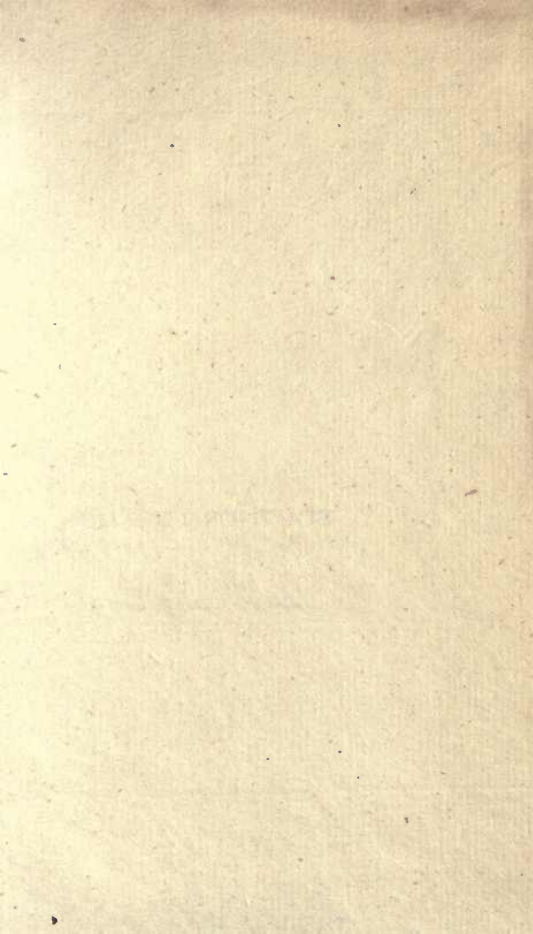
1917

1918

1919







**SOUTHERN BRANCH,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
LIBRARY,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**

**THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES**

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

LD
URL
REC'D LD-URL
JUN 05 1989
JUN 03 1989

DATE DUE
JAN 25 1999
SELF
QUARTER LOAN

REC'D LD-URL
DEC 21 1998

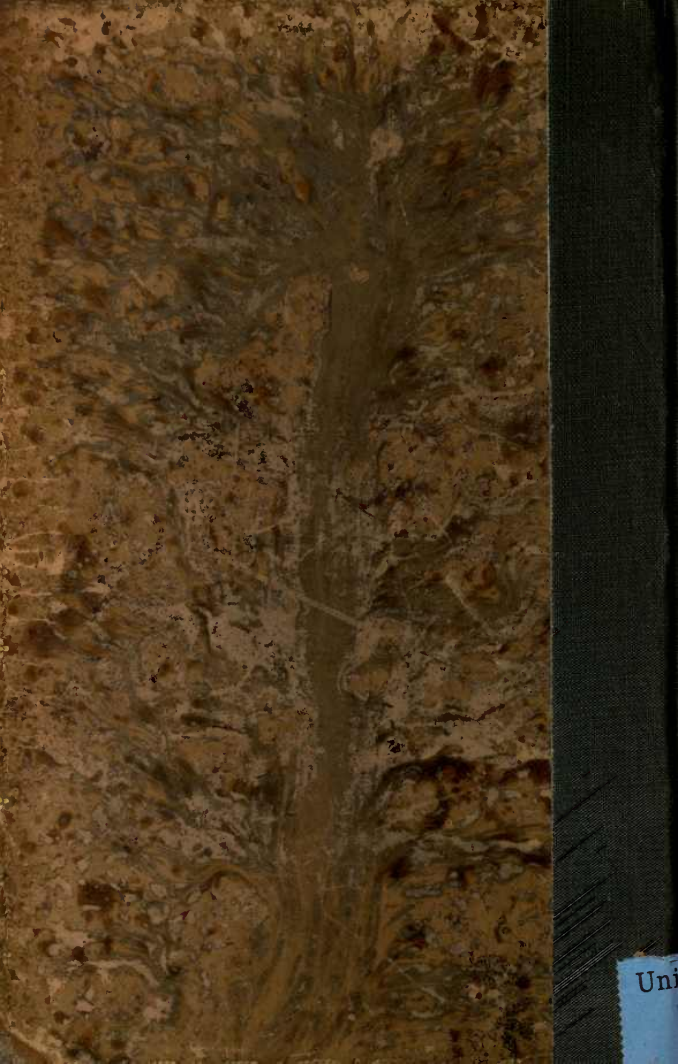


3 1158 01019 7043

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 007 129 0



Uni